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To

Mrs
Abba M. Mason.

Aug 28th
1857

By C. C. Mason.
Portland,
Maine

The
MAGNOLIA

DR. CHAM.

BOOK OF

FRIENDSHIP



THE

MAGNOLIA;

OR,

GIFT-BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP.

EDITED BY CLARA ARNOLD.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present volume forms the sixth of the series issued under the general title of "THE MAGNOLIA;" and the increasing favor which has greeted it from year to year, has been not only gratifying to the proprietors, but has urged them on to higher efforts, and induced them to incur a much greater expense in the preparation of this than any of its predecessors.

New aid has been employed in preparing its embellishments, and in that respect it will be found to bear an honorable comparison with the numerous gift-books of the season.

As the best guarantee for its literary character, the publishers beg leave to state, that it has been under the same editorial supervision from the commencement of the series

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THE MAGNOLIA

FRIENDSHIP.

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees,
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
We have laughed at bitter jests—
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow ;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together :

 We have wept with bitter tears

O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered

 The hopes of early years.

The voices which were silent there

 Would bid thee clear thy brow ;

We have been sad together—

 Shall a light word part us now ?

DROPPING IN TO TEA;
OR, HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES.

FROM SAD EXPERIENCE.

I AM at the head of a small but well-ordered household, and blessed with a scientific husband. If there is any thing I pride myself upon, it is having things neat and nice. I hate being put out of my way—it fidgets me; and if there is one thing in particular that ruffles my usually smooth temper, it is that awful habit my husband has of bringing unexpected friends to lunch, breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, as the case may be. How often have I said to him, “My dear John, nobody can be more happy to see my friends than I am; no one more happy to be introduced to new ones; but do not take me unawares; let me know in time to have something prepared.”

But, alas! it was always in vain. My dear husband knows nothing of housekeeping, and he has no idea

how hurtful it is to my feelings to see what would be a comfortable little supper for two put before ten. He can't conceive the horror of not having enough milk for tea, and during that meal being obliged to send Jane for more; and then, somebody knocking at the door during her absence, my poor deaf Mary answering the summons, and bringing the most absurd name or message.

"My dear aunt," said my niece, as she entered the room one evening, "I have just had a letter to say that poor little Annie is very ill, and mamma wishes me to go home and nurse her, so will you just let Mary carry my bag to the railroad, for I must be off as soon as possible, to get there in time for tea; it doesn't take more than a quarter of an hour, so I shall have plenty of time, if I start directly."

"Certainly, my dear," I replied, "then you will leave Robert with me."

"Yes, aunt, I think so, if you please. There is no occasion for his going home; and he always enjoys himself so much with you, that I think it is a pity to curtail his visit.

"Well, now, my dear, go and get ready, or you will be too late," said I, as I rang for Mary.

Jane answered the bell.—“Jane, just send Mary to me.”

“Yes, mum.”

“Mary,” said I, when she appeared, in my loudest tone of voice, “I wish you to carry Miss Mordaunt’s box to the station; she is going home this evening; get ready directly.”

“Yes, mum; and please could I stay and drink tea with mother this evening, she lives close by the station.”

I considered a little, and then, in a moment of weakness, I thundered out “Yes.”

Mary curtseyed, and departed.

“And now, Jane,” said I, when my niece and Mary were fairly gone, “bring up tea, and tell your master and Master Robert.”

“Master’s out, mum; and said he shouldn’t be home to tea, but would have a quiet cup by himself, like, when he did come.”

“Well then, Jane, you need not bring up the urn for Master Robert and me. The black kettle will do. Here, Robert, my dear,” said I to my nephew, as I handed him his cup, “sit there by the fire. We’ll have our tea quite cosily together.” So I drew the small table, with my small Rockingham tea-pot,

and the black kettle, and his thick bread and butter, and my muffin, between us; and we sat, one on each side of the fire, as comfortable as could be. Just then, there was a ring at our bell. "What can that be, Robert?" said I.

"The post, perhaps, aunt, or my boots come from being mended."

"Please, mum, it's master, and two foreign gentlemen," said Jane, as she entered, looking much flurried.

"Good Heavens!" cried I, as I rose precipitately, upsetting, as I did so, our small table; so that nearly all our store of milk was on the floor, mixing with the tea and water, and bearing in its current my unfortunate muffin, just as the gentlemen entered the room.

"Why, my dearest Anne, what a state you are in," said my husband, after he had introduced me to the two foreigners. In answer to my husband's question, I faltered out that "I did not expect him. And it never struck me till afterwards, how strange it must have appeared to foreigners, that the sight of a husband unexpectedly should cause the wife to upset her tea-table. But now my mind was much relieved by the sight of my faithful Jane bringing in our best tea-service and silver teapot, which she depos

ited on the large dining-table. Then she quickly cleared away my broken Rockingham, the black kettle, muffin, etc.; but, to my horror, replaced the milk-jug on the table.

“What, Jane, is there no more milk?” whispered I.

“No, mum, not a drop,” whispered she in return. I had just given the kitten the last, when master rung.”

“Then you must fetch some directly,” whispered I. And now, with the hissing urn and the best tea-service before me, and the prospect of more milk speedily, I thought my troubles were at an end.

“Anne, my dear, you have given me no milk,” said my husband.

“I thought you did not like it,” said I, in a rather significant tone; endeavoring to make signs that I had none. But my poor husband never could take a hint, so he passed his cup all the same, and I was obliged to tell him he must wait till Jane brought it up.

Another ring — “Ah, that reminds me,” said my husband, “that I asked Belmont and his wife to come and take a friendly cup of tea with us.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Belmont!” repeated I.

“Yes, and they are on their bridal tour; she is a

most elegant woman, and it was a very good match for Belmont in money matters."

"Mr. and Mrs. Belmont," announced Jane, with her bonnet and shawl on, ready to go for the milk.

"Mrs. Mordaunt, allow me to introduce you to my wife," said Mr. Belmont to me. The lady bowed coldly, as if she felt that she was an elegant woman, and an excellent match;—and now behold us! My cheeks flushed, my hair untidy, no milk, and the elegant bride by my side, making a placid remark, on the weather!!

The milk came — the tea was over, and the company safe in our drawing-room; as I led my bride up, I whispered to Jane, when we had been up about five minutes to come and say somebody wanted to speak to me, as I must see about the supper. The little *ruse* answered; I gravely asked the bride to excuse me for a moment, and then rose and left the room.

"Jane, just go and fetch me two shillings' worth of tarts and cheesecakes," said I. Jane ran for her bonnet. "And, Jane," I cried after her, "before you go, ask Master Robert to go to the bell, if it rings while you are out." "Yes, mum," she answered, in the distance. I wonder if she heard me at that distance," thought I; "but surely she would not have

answered if she had not." Just as I had finished my preparations, there was a ring at the bell; "I will wait and see who it is," thought I, "before I go up stairs again." So I waited, but no one came. The bell rang again. I ran up to the drawing-room wildly, and opened the door; the bride stared, I shut it again, Robert was not there. "Robert," cried I, at the top of my voice; faintly I heard, "Yes, aunt."

"Where in the world are you?" I cried angrily.

"In bed, aunt."

"Oh, you naughty, unfeeling boy, to go to bed when you might be of so much use," I screamed, as I rushed down stairs to open the door. I did open the door, and what met my astonished gaze?—the Heriotts, the Blanters, and the Callers!—all in full dress, guests my husband had invited to meet the bride!

I muttered, I blushed, I made excuses, which of course made every thing worse, and eventually led the new comers into my drawing-room; and there, what met my sight?—one of the foreigners on the floor in strong convulsions. My husband was trying to revive him; he held up his head, while the other foreigner was rushing about the room like one distracted, seizing every thing in the shape of a scent-bottle, which he

applied either to the other's nose, or in spilling over his face; and, at the other end of the room the placid bride had fainted in the arms of her husband, who was in vain endeavoring to revive her.

“Let Jane bring some cold water, and you get your sal-volatile,—and, stay, send Mary for Dr. Rent,” cried my husband.

“Alas!” shrieked I, “I have no servant at home.” I left the room, I ran and fetched the water, I fetched the sal-volatile, and as I returned I saw the astonished Robert, wrapped in an old dressing-gown of my husband's, peeping in at the door, and sobbing, “I didn't want to go to bed; but Jane said you called after her, and said I was to go to bed, and so I did.” Regardless of his costume, I made him help me bring in the water. Between us we revived the lady, and by the time Jane came back, the gentleman was well enough to be removed in a cab. The other guests were dispersed before. Then, when all were gone, I threw myself upon a sofa: “John,” said I, “it will be the death of me, if you ever do such a thing again.”

I do think John was moved at my sufferings, for this has been my last experience as to being taken unawares.

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN "THE BUSH."

BY MARK LEMON.

I WONDER, Edward, who will meet
To-day around my father's fire?
Dear sister May, with voice so sweet—
The very sweetest of the quire;
And Mary too—poor widow'd girl,
She and her boy will sure be there:---
Here is the little golden curl
She gave me of her baby's hair.

Old Uncle John to-night will sing
"WILL WATCH," as he did years ago.
When I was quite a little thing,
I used to weep at "SUSAN'S" woe.
And when they have the elder-wine
That mother keeps for Christmas-day,
They'll drink your health, dear Ned, and mine,
And wish we were not far away.

And then they'll talk of all we planned
 Before we crossed the mighty sea,
And wonder if this distant land
 Can ever be a home to me.
Then one by one they will recall
 Your love for me, so strong and true,
Your ever trustful heart,—and all
 Will bless the God who gave me you.

.

A THIMBLE-FULL OF ROMANCE.

THE tailor's wife had stitched since five in the morning. It was now noon — the day after Christmas-day, and there really was something for dinner. The tailor was from home — the children were out, but it was close upon twelve o'clock, and in a trice they would be back, eager and hungry for their meal. Mrs. Atkins put down her work — a very handsome waistcoat of sky-blue satin, sprinkled with stars, and bordered, it might be, with the zodiac, (the border was so strangely beautiful,) clapped her thimble on the mantel-piece, and hurried to the cupboard. At all events, there was a dinner to-day; and something seemed to promise the tailor's wife a brighter time, and a fuller table for the time to come. Atkins had gone to make inquiry about a ship that was to sail for the other side of the world; and though he had not at the time a single piece of Queen Victoria's minted gold to purchase a passage for himself and family, he nevertheless would learn all the particulars of cost and

necessary preparation. It was a whim, he knew; for all that, it was a whim that controlled him beyond his powers of self-argument, had he tried to exercise them. And, all alone, Mrs. Atkins spread the table. There was a piece of beef left, and a small piece of plum-pudding; and still the pudding remained small, although Mrs. Atkins turned the plate that contained it round and round half-a-dozen times, and took half-a-dozen side-long looks at it, as though endeavoring to behold it in the most improved light. But pudding is not to be thus magnified.

The table laid, Mrs. Atkins thought she would execute a few more stitches, filling up the time until Atkins and the children came. As Mrs. Atkins approached the mantel-piece, extending her fingers towards the thimble, the thimble—of its own motion—fell over upon its side, with one distinct prolonged sound, as from a silver bell; Mrs. Atkins's thimble, by the way, being of no such precious metal, but of working-day brass. Mrs. Atkins drew back her fingers from the thimble as from a nettle, when the thimble—self-moved—rolled off the mantel-piece and fell upon the hearth. And then, to the astonishment and terror of Mrs. Atkins, who, strange to say, could not at that moment scream, though in no former

accident had she failed, when otherwise determined — then, from the thimble began to pour forth, in small quick puffs, smoke of silvery clearness. Mrs. Atkins dropped in her chair, and sat with her eyes upon the thimble, still puffing a shining vapor — puffing and puffing, until, in a few minutes, the room was filled as with a cloud, and every object enveloped in it, save the small brass thimble that glittered like a speck upon the hearth. In the midst of her terror, Mrs. Atkins thought of her little bit of beef and fragmentary pudding; but they were lost to her sight, muffled up in the one white cloud that possessed the apartment.

After some minutes, the cloud cleared away, slowly rolling itself up the chimney, and Mrs. Atkins's brass thimble lay, like any other two-penny implement, upon the hearth. The same well-worn thimble — the same familiar common-place that for many a day had armed her sempstress finger.

“How do you do, Mrs. Atkins?” said a voice from the mantel-piece.

Mrs. Atkins jumped round with the shortest of jumps. She looked and saw a gentleman —

Well, he was the strangest of gentlemen, and he was in the strangest position! But we will tell every tittle we know about him.

Measured by tailor's measure, the gentleman's stature might have been about six inches. A gentleman with a very clean and lofty look; his hair an iron gray; with a few wisdom scratches made with an iron pen—the sort of pen made out of Time's old scythes—about the corner of his eyes, that had a ceiling-ward look; a look, moreover, of self-satisfaction. He was very soberly dressed in black—very soberly; and then his white neckerchief was white and pure as a snow-wreath. Mrs. Atkins thought she recognized in the miniature man a well-known face; one of those countenances that, like a royal face upon a shilling, is the property of every body who can possess it. She had seen a picture of the Poor Man's Friend, and—no, it could not be he; it was impossible—nevertheless, the face of the manikin was wondrously like that flesh-and-blood goodness.

And the little gentleman, though somewhat uneasily, sat among a sprig of Christmas holly that was upon the mantel-piece; sat, and with his best pains, looked secure amid his bower of spikes.

“Hadn't you better take a chair, sir, or this stool?”—said Mrs. Atkins, as she passed her apron over a three-legged piece of deal,—you'll be more comfortable, sir.”

“Thank you,” said the little man; his face puckered as he spoke, and shifting uneasily, — thank you, but people condemned to live in thimbles are not allowed to be comfortable.”

Poor creatures! cried Mrs. Atkins, “it must be a strait lodging, goodness knows. I never heard of such a thing.”

“Benighted, darkened being!” cried the little man in black; “miserable, forlorn person,” he continued, as though from a platform, — did you never hear of Solomon’s brazen kettles?”

“Never, sir,” said the tailor’s wife, with great humility.

“Know, then, that Solomon has at this moment a thousand brazen kettles at the bottom of the sea; and in every kettle is a prisoner, confined for no good he has done, depend upon it, to hear the sea moan and roar, and answer it with his groans. And as in brazen kettles, so” — and the little man sighed heavily — “so in brass thimbles.”

“I don’t understand a word of it,” said Mrs. Atkins; and with a resolute hand, she took up her thimble, and turned it over and over, and almost unconsciously brought the thimble to her nose. But it

did *not* smell of sulphur—the thimble was the like thimble it was before.

“For ten years have I lived in that thimble. Ten years,” cried the little man—and Mrs. Atkins stared now at her visitor, and now took another look at the thimble; and then she courageously thrust her thimble finger into the familiar brass, and nodded at the little man among the holly, as much as to say, “Now you are well got rid of, I’ll take care you shan’t get in again.”

The little man seemed to understand the threat of the look, for he said with a languid smile,—“It’s no matter now: my ten years are up—my time’s out to-day. All I have now to do is to confess my past sins and the sufferings they purchased me, and then I pass to peace. I’ve paid the penalty of my selfishness, and my unquiet ghost will cease to haunt your brazen thimble.”

“A ghost!” cried Mrs. Atkins. “Well, I never thought I could be so bold to a ghost. But then, to be sure, you’re such a very little one. What was your name?”

“Never mind,” said the small man. “I was called the Poor Man’s Friend. And I can tell you, Mrs. Atkins, that I have paid pretty sharply for the vanity and vexation of the title.”

“That is, I suppose,” answered the spirited little woman, “you wasn’t his friend at all? Only the name, like?”

“Listen to my story,” said the little gentleman, again shifting himself among the holly leaves. “I was, when I was alive, and enjoying my proper stature, I was a man of exceeding wealth. Rich indeed was I, and as every body thought—and at last I got myself to think so too—very good, very benevolent, very pious. Indeed, I had the habit of talking so much about the duties of the rich to the poor, that, for the life of me, I never could find sufficient time to perform them. Nevertheless, I could not forbear to talk—it was so pleasant, so easy too; and with no other effort, it made me a name that smelt among my particular friends like a sweet ointment.”

“The more shame for you,” said Mrs. Atkins. “To get a good name, and live upon it and do nothing for it; why it’s worse than coining—yes, passing bad money is nothing to it.”

“Very true, Mrs. Atkins,” answered the unruffled manikin. “Very true. Yet there’s a deal of brassy character passed for good. And it may sound right enough upon the world’s counter, but it won’t do, Mrs.

Atkins, when the angels come to ring it. It won't do, ma'am."

"I should say not," replied the tailor's wife, with womanly decision.

"And so I found. It is now, madam, ten years ago since I died. If you doubt me, take your way to the cemetery. There, madam, you will see my monument. There's no mistaking it — 'tis such a handsome thing, with work enough in it to have kept the sculptor and his family for a twelvemonth. I am there, ma'am, in *alto relievo* in four compartments; and in all four my likeness by lamenting friends is considered very perfect. In one place I am giving away quartern loaves — in another I have taken off my own coat, and am serenely offering the garment to a beggar — and the third" —

"I recollect. Good as a picture to look at it — I saw it with Tom and the children one Sunday. *Then* we could get a walk on a Sunday; and now it's no walk, but for ever stitch. La, bless me! and that's you in that monument! Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Atkins. "And now I recollect, what a lot of fine stuff there's writ about you."

"Don't name it, ma'am," said the little man hastily; "even as I am, my cheek tingles to think of it. And when I reflect" — —

“Never mind reflections,” cried the tailor’s wife with decreasing deference towards her visitor — “but come to the story at once. How did you get in my thimble?”

“That was my sentence — that was my dreadful punishment,” cried the little man.

“Punishment!” echoed Mrs. Atkins. “Well, to be sure, little as you are, it must have cramped you terrible. And what’s so very droll, I never felt you.”

“But I felt you — every stitch,” said the manikin, and he seemed to wince at the recollection. “However, to finish my story. You must know that, although I talked to the last day of my life about the duties of the rich, and the rights of the poor — although now and then, for the look of the thing, my name sparkled in a guinea subscription for a Home for the Homeless, or some such public benevolence, I would buy — buy where I might — I would buy cheap. Every shilling saved, I considered as a new victory over the extravagance of trade. It was not for me to inquire about wages — it was no part of my economy to be assured that the journeyman could get his shoulder of mutton and potatoes” —

“Shoulder of mutton and potatoes!” exclaimed Mrs. Atkins, as though she spoke of the culinary

marvels of Mahomet's Paradise — "Well, to be sure, we had a bit of beef yesterday, but before then" —

"I cared not if you, and such as you, lived upon bran and water, if cheapness were in the stitches of my coat — if my heart, my philanthropic heart, beat beneath a waistcoat that, for economy of cost, defied competition."

"More shame for you," said the tailor's wife. "Talking of waistcoats, what do you think I get for that blue thing there?"

"Starvation!" answered the manikin; "for I see, fine as it is — oh, I know the sort of thing *now* — I see it is one of the glories of prime cost that defy competition. A pretty breastplate of defiance," said the little man, "and well is such defiance punished."

"How punished?" asked Mrs. Atkins.

"That's it — that's the marrow of my story. That is the why and the wherefore that I am here. At this moment — now, woman, attend to me, for what I have to say is worth the hearing — at this moment — there are the ghosts of not less than ten thousand men and women — excellent persons when alive; the very pink of goodness, with delicate white satin feelings, as one may say — ten thousand spirits condemned for a certain time to be imprisoned in thimbles."

“In thimbles!” exclaimed the tailor’s wife.

“In thimbles,” repeated the miniature of the departed Poor Man’s Friend. “And their prison is far worse than the brazen dungeon in which Solomon shuts up his genii; for they, at least, are not mocked with an open cell—with a promise of liberty never, until the appointed time be come, to be obtained. Now the victims of the thimble may not budge. They have employed the cheapest thimble when alive, and the cheapest thimble is for a time their punishment when dead. My time is up, and my wounds are healing—but how, for these ten long years”——

“That’s just about the time—not quite—Tom and I have worked for”——

“For my tailor that was,” said the manikin. “How, for the time, have you tortured me!”

“I—I couldn’t do it,” cried Mrs. Atkins, sharply.

“You couldn’t help it—’twas your duty and my fate. Thus, for every stitch you took, I felt your needle-head go clean into what seemed my flesh. And my sense of feeling was sharpened into spiritual suffering. For fourteen hours a-day, have I felt—incessantly felt—the punctures of the tormenting steel. Hundreds of thousands of little daggers piercing me through and through, and with every

stitch, a jerk that seemed to snatch at every nerve."

"Mercy on us!" cried the tailor's wife.

"Ah, mercy on us," said the little man. "But we ask mercy in vain who have had no mercy on others. Live and let starve, was my inner creed; it's a wicked religion, Mrs. Atkins, and carries its after-punishment. And depend upon it, they who, without care for the comforts, for the necessities of the workers, *will* have only the cheapest work, big as their names may sound, and large as their presence in the world may be, — their souls dwell in a thimble."

And here the little man vanished, and the Dutch clock struck twelve, and Atkins with a brightened face, with a child in either hand, and two following, came home to dinner. Now whether Mrs. Atkins did, or did not, tell to her husband her interview with the manikin, is not here, or elsewhere, the business of

'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW

SONG, BY SAMUEL LOVER.

You say you love me — can I trust
That she, by many woo'd,
By me, at length, has had her heart
To constancy subdued?
Perchance some other love is there —
But do not tell me so: —
Since knowledge would but bring me grief,
'Tis better not to know.

Perchance that eye has beamed with love
In days I knew not thee,
That ruby lip hath bent in smiles
For others than for me;
But let that lip, still, silence keep,
I'll trust its love-like show: —
Since knowledge would but bring me grief,
'Tis better not to know.

Oh! what a simple fondness mine —
Whose wishes make its creed;
But let me *think* you love me still,
And I'll be blest indeed!
'Tis better that the eye ne'er see
Than that its tears should flow:—
When knowledge would but bring us grief,
'Tis better not to know.

MUSIC AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH, ESQ.

MUSIC is peculiarly a female accomplishment. When cultivated with regard to its true nature and its real purpose, it brings into view some of the finest features of woman's mind, and contributes to the fulfilment of one part, at least, of woman's mission — that of shedding a softening and refining influence over human society. It is not by brilliant displays of artistic acquirement and skill, that music exerts its power in the circles of private life; it is in its simpler forms, and by its melody, its grace, its expression, and the additional charm with which it clothes sweet and pathetic poetry, that it arrests the attention and touches the heart. And this is the case, as much in the gay and fashionable party as in the privacy of the domestic fire-side; though it is in the latter situation that Music appears in her fairest aspect, and bestows her best blessings.

Music is at present deprived of most of its charms and most of its benefits by its end being mistaken. It is regarded as the means of display, and with this view its tuition is almost entirely conducted. Ladies learn to sing, and to play on the pianoforte and the harp, in order that they may "show off" when they go into company. They spend an inordinate quantity of time, labor, and expense, in the acquirement of this one accomplishment; they give enormous sums to fashionable teachers, who make fortunes out of the prevailing folly; they practise three or four hours a day for years together, to the neglect of more important and necessary studies; and what, in nine cases out of ten, is the result? When a young lady, thus "highly accomplished," brings her dearly-bought accomplishment into action, what does it avail her? She is, naturally enough, eager to display that which she has made it the chief business of her life to attain; and consequently makes a point of singing and playing as much as possible whenever she can find an audience. Poor girl! she is little aware how thanklessly her efforts are received. Instead of admiration she excites nothing but ennui. Her bravura of Donizetti, or fantasia of Thalberg, is the signal for a general buzz of conversation, which she alone is too preoccupied

to hear; or, if a sense of politeness imposes silence as a duty, the constraint only heightens the annoyance and impatience of the company. When the elaborate performance is over, it is followed by a profusion of thanks and compliments; those who talked the loudest while it lasted being the loudest also in professing the delight and admiration it has given them. The fair musician's vanity is flattered; and she goes home quite unaware of the real impression she has made, and perhaps exulting in an imagined triumph over some less successful rival. All this is so notorious, that a highly-educated musical lady has come to be looked upon as a bore, and music itself is felt, by those who suffer from its inflictions, to be a social nuisance.

But the highly-educated musical lady, who "bestows so much of her tediousness" on society, is more to be pitied than blamed. She is the hapless victim of a course of education which not only fails in its direct object, but by precluding her from pursuing objects of greater moment, tends to make her ignorant, frivolous, and vain. The blame rests with her parents and friends, who ought to have sounder views of what is really necessary to form her mind and promote her happiness.

It ought to be considered, that music *cannot*, in

private society, be successfully used for the sake of display. In the present state of the art, no *amateur* performer can hope to excite pleasure or admiration by means of vocal power or great execution. It is not now as it was once. At present, such is the variety of public concerts, operas, and musical performances of every kind, that the great body of the public are quite accustomed to hear the principal singers and instrumentalists — are able to appreciate their qualities and criticise their defects. A lady in a drawing-room, who sits down to entertain a company with a “scena” from an Italian opera, or a brilliant production of some fashionable pianist, ought to remember that probably every body in the room has heard the same piece sung by Grisi or Jenny Lind, or played by Thalberg or Dulcken; and that she is exposing herself to an unpleasant comparison, by attempting lamely and imperfectly what the company have heard executed with finished excellence; and this will be the case, even though she may be, *for an amateur*, a really superior performer. But the truth is, that not one lady-amateur in a thousand who makes such ambitious attempts, can acquit herself even decently. If she sings, it is a thousand to one that she strains and forces her voice out of all tone and tune, and trans-

forms the brilliant roulades of the composer into inarticulate screams; if she plays, that she produces a mere clatter of unmeaning noise and confusion. And these enormities are committed by persons who, confining themselves within the limits of their own powers and attainments, might really "discourse most eloquent music," and gratify the ears as well as touch the feelings of their listeners.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best music is the most difficult of execution. The very reverse, generally speaking, is the case. Music of a high order certainly demands high gifts and attainments on the part of the performer. But the gifts of nature may be possessed by the amateur as well as by the professor; and the attainments of art may be the result of moderate study and application. A young lady possessed of a sweet and tunable voice, a good ear, intelligence, and feeling, may cultivate music in its grandest and most beautiful forms, and may render its practice a source of the purest enjoyment, not only to herself but to her domestic and social circle.

Many ladies do this, but they have not been fashionably educated. Sense and reason, not the prevailing example, have been consulted in their studies, and the result has made them really accomplished musicians.

In order to become so, every natural gift must be cultivated by solid instruction. The principles of the art must be well understood. The rules of harmony and composition must be studied so far as to enable the pupil, if not to compose, to comprehend the designs of the composer, and the technical means whereby he produces his effects. The voice must be strengthened and purified, ungainly habits must be removed, and distinct utterance and elocution acquired. The mind must be opened, and the taste exalted and refined, by acquaintance with the finest productions of the art—an acquaintance which ought to extend from the Oratorio of Handel to the national ballad. With the young pianist a similar course should be pursued. A correct method of fingering, and a familiarity with the scale in every variety of key, must be imparted at the outset; and this will give a command of the instrument quite sufficient for every purpose of an amateur performer.

A lady so educated is far above making music the means of frivolous display. She never commits the folly of endeavoring to rival professional artists in the achievement of *tours de force*, and thus exciting ridicule instead of admiration, and causing weariness instead of pleasure. She selects her music from every

branch of the art, choosing what she knows to be suitable to her powers, and what her taste tells her is intrinsically good and beautiful. In such music she may feel without vanity (and her hearers will feel so too), that she subjects herself to no disparaging contrasts; and a well-grounded but modest confidence will enable her to do justice to her own talents. Such a singer will be at no loss for resources. She will find them in the works of every school in Europe, not excepting even (when discreetly chosen) the gems of the modern Italian and German stage. She will be able to give power to the inspired strains of Handel, grace to the charming melodies of Mozart, and truth and pathos to the simplest effusion of the rustic muse of Ireland or Scotland.

Concerted music, both vocal and instrumental, is getting more and more into use, in society. It is no unusual thing to see a small party of ladies and gentlemen grouped round the pianoforte, and engaged in singing the duets, trios, and quartets of some fine Italian, German, or English opera; and the chamber trios and quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Reissiger, etc., for the pianoforte, violin, flute, and violincello, give a delightful variety to the enjoyments of a social musical evening. On these occasions the

most prominent parts of the performance fall to the ladies; and those ladies only can acquit themselves with intelligence, steadiness, and effect, who have had a sound and substantial musical education. The dashing bravura singer, and the pianist who aspires to emulate Thalberg, are helpless and useless in music like this. In their vain endeavors to gain the power of dazzling and astonishing, by exhibitions of vocal and manual agility, they have wasted ten times the amount of toil that would have enabled them to join in those musical conversations which abound in the fairest flowers of genius, and the richest treasures of art,—conversations which afford delightful pastime to those who carry them on, and, when supported with grace, spirit, and feeling, never fail to engage the animated attention of the listener.

We are not to suppose, however, that music, like reading and writing, “comes by nature.” Nature supplies the requisite gifts; and when these are wanting, it is best not to attempt the pursuit. What can be more absurd and more pitiable, than to see an unfortunate victim of fashion condemned to scream and thump the keys of the piano for several miserable hours daily, without voice, ear, inclination, or the slightest hope of success, while some fine talent that

she really possesses is left wholly neglected? When the natural gifts do exist, it requires careful and judicious cultivation to render them productive of fruit. In this fastidious age, even the simplest music demands a pure style and nice execution; and the presence or absence of these will be apparent even in the performance of a ballad or a waltz. But, so much being necessary, it is the more essential that the youthful pupil should be spared what is *not* necessary; and it is any thing but necessary to lead her to seek the gratification of vanity — and to find nothing but disappointment and mortification — by emulating the mechanical achievements of professional artists.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

BY DORA GREENWELL.

I CROSSED this Ferry once before,
All looks as then it looked of yore;
Before me still, in evening's gleam,
The Castle shines above the stream.

But not within this boat, as then,
Two dear companions cross again, —
A Friend, a Father, — one in truth;
The other rich in hope and youth.

One wrought on earth in quiet, he
Departed also silently;
The other foremost rushed, to fall
In storm and struggle first of all.

Thus when my musing fancy strays
To thoughts of earlier, happier days,
Must I the dear companions miss
That Death has snatched away from this.

Yet, what so close binds friend to friend
As soul with kindred soul to blend?
Those hours that fled like spirits past
Still link me unto spirits fast!

Then take, oh! boatman, take the fee
That threefold now I tell to thee,
With willing hand, for spirits twain
Have crossed the stream with me again!

“ANGELINA’S FAINTED!”

BY RED RIDING HOOD.

THE talk was of Hottentots —

“Don’t speak of ’em,” cried Miss Angelina Daffy, “I’m certain of it — if I were only to look at a Hottentot, I should faint — I must faint.”

“Fiddledee!” said Miss Lillywhite; and there was a hush — a pause in the conversation; for when Miss Lillywhite exclaimed “Fiddledee!” it behoved thoughtless young ladies to look to themselves. Now, Miss Daffy had a great talent for fainting. Perhaps the talent was originally a natural gift; nevertheless, it could not be denied that a frequent and earnest cultivation of the endowment had brought it to perfection. Miss Daffy, at one minute’s notice, could faint at any time, and upon any subject. She could faint at either extreme of the day — faint at breakfast, or faint at supper; could faint with equal beauty and truthfulness, whether the matter to be fainted upon

were a black beetle, or a blackbird—a bull or a bullfinch. She had wonderful powers of syncope; though, it must be allowed, like most folks haunted with a despotic sense of their own genius, she now and then employed it a little out of place. Vanity, however, is a human weakness. For a philosopher, to his own satisfaction, has proved, that the peacock takes no pride in its own effulgent glories, but, all unconscious of their beauty, spreads them because it was ordained to do so; and, after all, had Miss Daffy been philosophically examined upon her proneness to faint, she would have attributed the habit to no self-complacency, but to the simple but inevitable truth that she was made to faint. She would not have recognized any beauty in the art of fainting, but merely the natural consequence that to faint was feminine. Eve, she thought, was made for *sal-volatile*.

Miss Lillywhite was a spinster of seven-and-forty. “I am six — seven — eight-and-forty, next birth-day,” Miss Lillywhite would blithely observe, as the year might be. And this gay veracity was the more pleasing in Miss Lillywhite, inasmuch as she might have passed for forty; nay, had she stickled ever so little for it, she might have got off with six-and-thirty

at most — a happy, blooming six-and-thirty; for Miss Lillywhite, like a true Englishwoman, carried in her unfading beauty the assertion of her British race. How much triumphant beauty all over the world fades and yields, as teens blow into twenties, as twenties wrinkle into thirties! Now, your truly beautiful Englishwoman, with her carnations and lilies, will carry her colors up to two-score-and-ten. Nay, we have known some veterans, blooming with a sprinkling of years over tyrannous fifty. And Miss Lillywhite was as jocund as she was handsome. It is said, there is no better preservative against the melancholy changes wrought by time than honey. We know not whether Miss Lillywhite was acquainted with the Egyptian truth: if not, she had unconsciously acted upon the unknown recipe, and had preserved herself in the sweetness of her disposition — in the honey of her goodness. She was a pattern old maid. Yet a pattern, we would hope, never to be followed; for it is such women who make the real wives and mothers. Miss Lillywhite, like Miss Venus de Medicis, should remain a single perfection: alone in sweetness and beauty, to show what celibacy and art can do; to be admired as samples, but never to be added to.

Miss Lillywhite was an old schoolfellow of Mrs

Daffy’s, and was passing the Christmas-time with her early friend and family. Now Angelina Daffy—a pretty creature, with more goodness in her than she dreamed of—had, as we have indicated, this weakness; she must faint: and carrying out this will, as a first principle, she had duly fainted through the whole round of the holidays. She had fainted at snap-dragons on Christmas-eve—fainted, very emphatically fainted, when surprised under the mistletoe on Christmas-day—fainted when the bells rang in 1850—and fainted, dead as a stone, as a nervous guest declared, when prevailed upon to crack a *bon-bon* on Twelfth-night. “Angelina’s fainted!” had become household words in the homestead of the Daffys.

And so, can it be wondered at that the ingenuous Miss Lillywhite, at this last threat of Angelina’s, to faint at a Hottentot—should rebuke the maiden with more than ordinary vivacity? The truth is, Miss Lillywhite had been much provoked: even on the previous Sunday, when Angelina had menaced to faint at the clergyman—a very handsome, meek young man, who preached a maiden sermon with great promise of preferment—Miss Lillywhite could only scold the maiden into firmness, by threatening to give her up, unattended, to the care of the beadle. There-

fore, when Angelina, returning to her weakness, expressed herself ready to go off at the very look of a Hottentot—therefore, all previous provocation considered, can it be wondered at that the patience of Miss Lillywhite fairly exploded with—“Fiddledee?” We think not; and take up the stitch of our little story.

“Fiddledee!” said Miss Lillywhite.

Miss Angelina looked surprised—amazed—and gradually became very deeply wounded. At first, she raised her eyes towards Miss Lillywhite as though doubtful of the truth of her impressions; but the set, stern features of Miss Lillywhite—if you can couple the expression of sternness with the thought of a clear, bright open face, bright and clear as Dresden china—convinced Angelina that it was the lady visitor who had really spoken. What, under the new and painful circumstance, could Angelina do? Why, she fell back upon the strength of her weakness: she instantly made an ostentatious preparation to faint. Her eyelids were slightly tremulous—she swallowed one sob—her neck took one swan-like curve, and—and, in another second, there would have been the old, old cry of the house of Daffy—“Angelina’s fainted!”

But——

Miss Lillywhite jumped from her chair, and resolutely passing Mrs. Daffy, made direct to the sufferer, who, half conscious of the attempted rescue, was fainting all the faster. “Angelina,” cried Miss Lillywhite, with a restorative shake, “this is affectation — folly — hypocrisy — nonsense!”

Miss Angelina Daffy opened her orbs, and in a moment sat upright, with her prettily cut nostril dilated, and the tear that was coming into her astonished eyes almost frozen, and indeed, altogether, in such a state of amazement that she must — no, she would not faint; it was not a time to faint, when so cruelly offended.

Miss Lillywhite drew her chair beside Angelina, who was every moment hardening in dignity. “My dear child,” said Miss Lillywhite, “you must give up fainting — it’s gone out of fashion.”

“Fashion, Miss Lillywhite! Do you think that feelings” —

“Fiddledee!” again repeated Miss Lillywhite; and Angelina sternly resolved not to say another word to so strange a person — to so unpolite a visitor. Angelina crossed her arms in resignation, determining — since her mamma would not interfere — to suffer in silence. Miss Lillywhite might be rude — might say her worst.

“When I was eighteen, your age,” said Miss Lillywhite, “and that, my dear, is nearly thirty years ago, I used to faint, too. I enjoyed fainting very much; indeed, my dear, I question if ever you take greater pleasure in fainting than I did.”

“Pleasure!” exclaimed Miss Angelina. Who *could* remain dumb under such an imputation?

“Oh, I know all about it—pleasure, my dear,” said the remorseless Miss Lillywhite. “You see, it gave me a little consequence; it drew upon me general notice; it made me, as it were, the centre of a picture; and it *was* a pleasure—not a healthful one, certainly, but still a pleasure—to enjoy so much sympathy about one. To hear, whilst I was in the fit—I don’t know, my dear, whether you hear, when fainting, quite as well as I did—to hear expressions of concern, and pity, and admiration, and—do you hear them distinctly?” Angelina could not answer such a question: she could only look lightning—harmless, summer-lightning—at Miss Lillywhite, who inexorably continued. “I can confess it now—I used to enjoy the excitement, and therefore went off upon every reasonable opportunity. It was very wrong, but there *was* something pleasant, exciting in the words ‘Miss Lillywhite’s fainted!’ Oh, I can remember them, my

dear, as though it was only yesterday. But, my love,” said the cruel spinster, taking the young maid’s hand between her own, and looking so benignly, and speaking so sweetly — “but, my love, we may faint once too often.”

Angelina was very much offended — deeply hurt that Miss Lillywhite should for a moment associate her own past affectation with the real existing weakness then and there before her. Nevertheless, there was such quietness, such truthfulness, and withal such an air of whim in the looks, and words, and manner of the elderly spinster, that the young one gradually resigned herself to her monitress.

“We may faint once too often,” repeated Miss Lillywhite, and she sighed; and then her customary smile beamed about her. “Of this dreary truth am I a sad example.”

“You! Miss Lillywhite!” said Angelina.

“Listen,” said the old maid. “’Tis a short story; but worth your hearing. When I was nineteen, I was about to be married. About, did I say? Why, the day was fixed; I was in my bridal dress; at the altar: the ring, the wedding-ring at the very tip of my finger. when” —

“Mercy me!” cried Angelina, “what happened?”

“I fainted,” said Miss Lillywhite, and she shook her head, and a wan smile played about her lips.

“And you were not married because you fainted?” said Angelina, much awakened to the subject.

“As I have confessed, it was my weakness to faint upon all occasions. I enjoyed the interest that, as I thought, fainting cast about me. My lover often looked coldly—suspiciously; but love conquered his doubts, and led him triumphantly before the parson. Well, the marriage-service was begun, and”——

“Do go on,” cried Angelina.

“And in a few minutes I should have been a wife, when I thought I must faint. It would seem very bold of me in such a situation not to faint. I, who had fainted on so many occasions, not to swoon at the altar would have been a want of sentiment—of proper feeling, on so awful an occasion. With this thought, I felt myself fainting rapidly; and just as the bridegroom had touched my finger with the ring,—I went off; yes, my dear, swooned with all the honors.”

“Do go on,” again cried Angelina.

“As I swooned, the ring slipped from the bridegroom’s fingers, fell upon the stove, and was rolling—rolling—to drop through the aperture of the stove that, from below, admitted heat to the church, when—

though swooning — I somehow saw the danger, and, to stop the ring, put forth my foot.”

“Well!” exclaimed Angelina.

“Too late — the ring rolled on — disappeared down the chimney of the stove, — and then I fainted with the greatest fidelity. Hartshorn and *sal-volatile* came to my aid. I was restored — but where was the ring? ’Twas hopeless to seek for it. Half-a-dozen other rings were proffered; but no — it would be an evil omen — there would be no happiness, if I were not wedded with my own ring. Well, search was made — and time flew — and, we were late at church to begin with — and the ring was not found when the church-clock struck twelve.”

“Well!” said Angelina.

“Well!” sighed Miss Lillywhite, “the clergyman, closing his book, said, ‘It is past the canonical hour; the parties cannot be married to-day; they must come again to-morrow.’”

“Dreadful!” exclaimed Angelina.

“We returned home; my lover upbraided — I retorted; we had a shocking quarrel, and — he left the house to write me a farewell letter. In a week he was on his voyage to India; in a twelvemonth he had married an Indian lady, as rich as an idol, and

I—after thirty years—am still Caroline Lillywhite, spinster.”

It is very strange. From the time of the above narrative there were two words never again breathed beneath the roof-tree of the Daffys. And these unuttered words were—

“Angelina’s fainted!”



SPRING JOYS.

BY C. W. G.

LIKE the sweet whisperings
Of some blessed spirit,
From the immortal world
The good inherit,
Are these delicious airs,
This breath of Spring,
Whispering of coming bloom
On zephyr's wing.

But many a stormy day
Perchance may rise,
Ere Spring descend on earth,
From azure skies:
And many a cutting blast
May blight the bud,
And shake, with sullen howl,
The flashing wood.

Then, while the prosperous gales
Of Fortune blow,
While Pleasure takes the helm
And Youth the prow,
Think not, too happy one!
That joy shall be
Always as bright as now
It shines on thee!

THE CHATELAINE;

OR, "PUT IT DOWN IN THE BILL."

BY S. N.

"Now, my dearest Agnes, do look! Here is the most exquisite little basket I ever saw."

"Where?"

"Oh, there; at the end of that chatelaine. Oh, I positively must have it. You know I really want one, Agnes. One of the swivels of my chatelaine came undone the other day, and all the things dropped off. I found two again, to be sure; but still, that's not enough. Come, Agnes, let us just go in, and ask the price, at any rate."

The two girls entered the shop, and their footman remained outside.

"Agnes," continued Rosalie, "look! Here is a bracelet that would just suit mamma. It was but the other day she was saying she wanted one

How beautiful it is! What is the price of it, Mr. Newman?"

"Let me see," said the man, taking up the bracelet. "Six pounds ten, Miss."

"Well; that really is not much. Is it, Agnes, considering how beautiful it is. And how much is that little basket?"

"Thirteen shillings, Miss. Solid gold."

"And how beautifully chased it is!" observed Agnes.

"Well, Agnes," said Rosalie, "I think I must have it. It's true, I have not any money left; but I'm sure I can make mamma give it me. Besides, if we get the man to put it down, she must have it;—and it's not like ready money, you know. We have a bill here, and it won't make much difference. Indeed, she does want a new bracelet dreadfully; and, somehow, she never will buy expensive things for herself, unless I have them set down; and then, you know, she is obliged to keep them."

Agnes Blandford was one of a large family, carefully educated not to be extravagant herself, and trusted with very little pocket-money; but she had a boundless idea of the wealth of mammas in general (Rosalie's in particular), and thought it a most excellent thing if

they could be inveigled into buying any thing: they having, as a race, a marvellous propensity to covetousness, which must be carefully checked by their daughters. Rosalie was of the same opinion. She also had no pocket-money regularly allowed her, but lived upon mamma, getting five pounds from time to time, whenever poor mamma was in a weak mood, and would suffer herself to be coaxed over.

“Then, you’ll send them this evening, about eight, Mr. Newman, if you please,” said Rosalie; and the two girls left the shop, both thinking they had done a very clever and virtuous action.

Rosalie’s parents, the Hargraves, lived in great style; they appeared both rich and fashionable — fashionable they might be, but the appearances of riches were most deceptive. The money for Mrs. Hargrave’s weekly bills issued in weekly struggles from Mr. Hargrave’s pocket — they were living beyond their income; but out of three daughters and four sons, two of the daughters were comfortably married, and all the sons were established in professions; so there was only Rosalie to be provided for; and she was betrothed, and would probably be married in about three or four months’ time; so that the dashing town establishment need only be kept up but a very

short time longer, and then Mrs. Hargrave would remove to a pretty villa in the suburbs, where she would live in complete retirement, for the health of self and pocket; and Mr. Hargrave would come up and down by the omnibuses, being careful not to bring in a friend to dinner over often. With this prospect in view, Mrs. Hargrave struggled on, with what misery, and with what hairbreadth escapes, only those who have kept up an expensive establishment on small means can ever tell. In the mean time, she thought it was no use telling Rosalie of their difficulties: she was shortly to be married to a wealthy young merchant; and though she was extravagant, what did that matter? she would have plenty; and it was a pity to check the generosity of her nature! Besides, Mrs. Hargrave had some strange feelings, as though it would lessen her daughter's respect for her parents, if she knew of their money troubles. The little daughter was only eighteen, and understood nothing at all about money; and she was so gay and thoughtless, that she would scarcely have believed Mrs. Hargrave if she had told her. Indeed, several times, when she had said, "Really, you must not be so extravagant, Rosalie, I cannot afford it," Rosalie had laughed: "Ah, that's the old story,

mother dear. Now you know it's all nonsense, isn't it?"

So Mrs. Hargrave determined to let matters e'en go on as they had done, and contented herself by making sacrifices of various little things which she otherwise would have had for herself, to make amends for her daughter's extravagance, — partly from affection for her child, and partly from that miserable feeling of secrecy in money matters which makes so much misery, and which exists too often between mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, husbands and wives. Had Rosalie known from the first that her father's apparent wealth was really all appearance, her naturally good heart would have made her most willing to forego all extravagances, and she would have learned the wholesome art of self-denial, and have been much more fitted for her future career in life, whatever it might be.

That evening after dinner they were all assembled comfortably in the drawing-room; Mr. Hargrave in a large arm-chair, with a handkerchief over his face, in a quiet dreamless sleep. Mrs. Hargrave was sitting at the table, with a green shade between her and the lamp, and an open book on a small reading-desk before her; but, what with the heat of the fire and

the quiet of the room, she was gradually nodding off to sleep also. Leopold Malvern, Rosalie's betrothed, was sitting on the other side of the fire, and Rosalie at his feet on a cushioned footstool, which she was very fond of. They were quite a pretty picture, they looked so happy and comfortable; he stooping down to whisper something in her ear, and she leaning her pretty little head almost against his knee, like any child. Rosalie was always treated like a child — and she liked it; but she was a woman too, and capable of doing more than any one suspected for those she loved.

The formal automaton footman opened the door: "If you please, mum, here's a parcel from Newman and Hardwick's."

"Mrs. Hargrave awoke. "It must be some mistake, James," said she; "I have not ordered any thing."

"It is directed to you, mum," said James, as he brought the packet to the table.

"Oh, I ordered it, mamma," broke in Rosalie. She had been so occupied with what Leo had been saying, that she hadn't heard what had passed at first.

Mrs. Hargrave looked round in utter fright, for visions rose up before her of the sacrifices of necessities that must be made to cover this extravagance.

But nothing could be done; so she told the man to put down the parcel, for that it was all right, as Miss Rosalie had ordered it; and the man left the room. Mrs. Hargrave endeavored to look as if she thought what she said, totally unconscious that the obsequious servant, who disappeared at her bidding, and who seemed neither to see nor hear any thing that passed before him, had often talked over her difficulties in the kitchen, and lamented what a thorn in her side she must find Miss Rosalie's extravagance.

Poor Mrs. Hargrave opened the jewelry, and Rosalie sprang to the table to show it off; she put the bracelet on her own round white arm, and held her fanciful little basket up to the light. "Now, my dearest mother, ain't they beautiful? Leo, just look at this bracelet."

"And pray how much did they cost, Rosalie?" asked her mother.

"Six pounds ten shillings the bracelet, and thirteen shillings for this little love," answered Rosalie.

"That is too much—I really cannot afford it," said Mrs. Hargrave rather seriously. "They must be sent back," continued she, after a short pause.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, pray don't send them back; it will look so shabby—so horrid: besides, it was but

the other day that you said that you wanted a bracelet so much; and I really must have this dear little basket. Now do — there's a good mother."

"My dear Rosalie, I have told you that I do not choose to have the bracelet; I am the best judge of what I want, I should think."

"Well, then, I will just take the money out of papa's pocket; *he* won't be angry with me, I know, for he hates any thing to look stingy." Rosalie sprang forward to her father.

"Rosalie, Rosalie — don't disturb your papa. How very troublesome you are! I really beg you'll never do such a thing again without asking my leave. I can buy what I want, without your doing it for me."

Rosalie retired to her seat. Again she leaned her head towards Leo's knee, almost crying. He stroked her hair (as though she were a child) to comfort her.

"Leo," said she, looking up, "when I belong to you, you won't scold me if I do such a thing, will you?"

Leo stooped down, and kissed her forehead, but he said nothing; for he knew he should not have the heart to scold her, and yet he felt that hers was an awkward propensity.

The three months passed on rapidly, and, at last,

Leo and Rosalie were married. It was a very gay wedding; the bride was lovely, the bridegroom was handsome. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were in the most excellent spirits, and gave a magnificent breakfast which was very well attended. The speeches were much less stupid than usual on those occasions; and nobody cried. Indeed, the people were all very merry; for every body said what a good match it was in every respect. They went their bridal tour, and returned home. Leo took a beautiful house for his bride, and she chose beautiful furniture. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave retired to their country villa, and things went on as comfortably as possible. Rosalie had no mamma to ask now; so she just had the things she liked put down in her own bills. She was fond of dress; fond of jewelry; fond of novelties; but Leo liked to see his dear little wife beautifully attired — and wished her to have what she liked — besides, he was rich and could afford to spend a little more than was, perhaps, absolutely necessary on his young bride; and as they had a large acquaintance, and brides are expected to go out a great deal and to dress well, he was not surprised that his expenses were considerable, but he hoped they would soon decrease, and so for the first year or two they went on capitally.

After that there came a change: the wheel of fortune turned. Leo lost first one of his ships, and then another; his speculations failed; and, at last, one sad gloomy Christmas, he came home one day through the dark fog to his wife, and told her that he feared he was a ruined man. Rosalie was astonished; she had thought the riches of her husband inexhaustible, and she had acted accordingly. The dinner was passed over in gloomy silence; and, after it, the husband and wife, with thoughtful faces, left the dining-room, and with the doors of their drawing-room close shut, they sat down to talk matters over. Leo sat in the chair by the fire, and Rosalie where she always did, at his feet; but she was quite a different Rosalie now, to what she was two years before; there was no thoughtlessness in her face now — no, nor passionate grief even. Leo was astonished; he had expected quite a scene: hysterics and reproaches, and bewailings, or, at any rate, tears; but Rosalie was calm and serious. She looked determined to meet her misfortune courageously; and Leo felt it a great help to him, as it gave him courage: and he loved his little wife still more than ever; though it was no longer as a mere child, but as an esteemed friend, with whom he

could reason calmly as to what was best to be done.

“Must we leave our house?” asked Rosalie, timidly; for she felt that would be indeed a trial.

“Not if I can manage to meet my expenses this Christmas,” replied Leo; “I hope and trust your bills are not large.”

Rosalie was silent.

“Have any of the Christmas bills been sent in, Rosalie?”

“Yes, some of them, Leo.”

“Have you any idea how much they come to, dear? I mean not the house bills, but your bills, my love.”

“I don’t know, but I am afraid it’s a great deal. — Are your bills heavy, this half-year, Leo?”

“No, — I knew that things were going badly with me, though I had no idea how badly, so I took care to keep my bills under.”

“Oh! if I had but known too,” said Rosalie, sorrowfully.

“I wish you had; but I thought it would only frighten you, perhaps needlessly. — And besides I did not know, darling, how well you can bear things. Will you get those bills you have,” continued he,

after a short pause, "that we may look them over, and see if it will be possible for us to remain in our house?"

Rosalie rose; she opened her exquisite little desk, and gloomily took out three or four long bills; silently she put them in Leo's hand, and sat down again. He looked them over, and she heard him sigh heavily, but he said nothing. She knew they were enormous; higher this year than they had been before.

"Leo, may I look at your bills?" she said, meekly.

He gave her his accounts, and she looked them over. She was astonished how much lower they were than hers; astonished to find how many things he had denied himself.—Then, for the first time, she burst into tears.

"Ah, my dearest Leo, how many things you have done without! How many things you have denied yourself that you really must have wanted, and all to spare me! Oh, I see it all; you thought that, by being so economical yourself, we might get over this Christmas very well in spite of my extravagance. Oh, Leo! Leo! how selfish I have been; I might have known that you did not leave off port wine and cigars because you were tired of them. Oh, will you forgive me, Leo? I know I am the cause of all our difficulties.

If I had not been so extravagant, all might have been well — but even now, perhaps, with a little assistance from papa” —

“Your father cannot assist us,” returned Leo, gloomily; “he says he has the greatest difficulty to live himself.”

“Well, well,” cried Rosalie, “then we must sacrifice every thing, so that we can pay but what we owe; for it’s no matter being poor, so that one is not in debt. Oh, how selfish I have been! But Leo! dearest Leo! will you promise me one thing? — that another time you will tell me how poor we are, that I may make sacrifices too. There are so many more things I can do without than you can (oh, how blind I was!) — I’ll have no more jewelry. Ellen shall make all my things at home (oh, how I hate the sight of that wretched name *Mademoiselle Delphine de Paris!*); and I’ll do without millions of things that are of no consequence to me: I will have no more bills; and I shall be so happy, for I shall feel that I am doing right.”

“My darling Rosalie,” said Leo, as he kissed her affectionately, “how foolish I was not to have told you my difficulties from the first; it would have saved you much sorrow and privation now. We must let

this house, and go into lodgings. I will make the greatest exertions; we will sell the furniture of our house to pay our private debts; my father will help me with my business ones; and in another year I trust we shall be all right again; and I will confide all my joys and troubles, my wealth and poverty, to you; and you shall be my dear darling wife and helpmate."

How worthless and paltry her trinkets appeared now! How she hated ever to think of them, and how firmly she resolved, if she should once be free from the load of debt that weighed so heavily upon her, how differently she would act for the future! All this passed through Rosalie's mind with the rapidity of lightning; and when Leo ceased speaking, she felt an altered being. From that moment might be dated the commencement of a new era in her life.

It is pleasant to add, that the timely aid of a friend prevented the sacrifice of the house and furniture; and that the following Christmas found Leo and Rosalie free from all debts, but those which they could easily pay. Rosalie, however, never forgot the lesson she had received; and during the

whole of her after life, if she took a fancy to any expensive trinket, she always paid for it at the time, and never, on any account, desired the jeweller to put it down in the bill.

CHIMES.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

THOSE joyous bells fall heavy on my ear,
That used to murmur with so sweet a tone;
Nature, in unison, looks dark and drear,
And all the blandishments of life seem gone,
Now that thou'rt passed unto that haven blest,
Where world-worn spirits find at last a place of rest.

Yet, in my fancy, I behold once more
Those kindly features and that thoughtful brow;
I press to mine those loved lips o'er and o'er,
And rest thee on my bosom even now,
As I have rested in mine infant day,
When thy caresses charmed each childish grief away.

Mother! I think it still to thee is given
To bless me with thy presence, even now,

The ministering angel under Heaven,

Who calms my mind and soothes my fevered brow.

Ah, no! upon this shadowy vale of tears,

We're parted now, to meet in brighter spheres.

DUTY:

A TALE.

STERN Lawgiver! yet dost thou wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor knew we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
are fresh and strong.

WORDSWORTH.

“WHY do you dwell so much, dear mamma, upon the necessity of acting from a principle of duty? It seems so cold and severe a word! and it is so much easier and happier to obey you and papa because I *love* you, than because it is my *duty* to do so.” As Lucy Edwardes gave utterance to these words, she fixed her eyes with so fond and earnest a gaze upon

her mother, that Mrs. Edwardes looked sadly on her for a moment; but her pale countenance was soon lighted up by a soft tender smile, such as mothers only can bestow upon their offspring, and she replied, "may it long be your privilege, my child, to obey your parents joyously and freely as you do now, but, perhaps, in after life, you may remember your mother's word, that affection is never so pure or steadfast as when it is guided and controlled by duty.—Duty, not cold and stern, as it exists in your imagination, but tender and gentle amid its high and firm resolves.—Duty, such as I trust will be familiar to your heart, when the earlier and more ardent impulses of affection may have passed away. . . . But I will not enlarge on this subject now, as it seems distasteful to you, my love;" added Mrs. Edwardes, while her head sank back upon her couch, as if she were wearied by the effort of speaking. Lucy pressed to her lips her mother's hand, which she had held within her own during the brief moments of their conversation; and rising from the footstool whereon she had been seated, entered the conservatory, near whose open door, the invalid's sofa was placed, and plucking a sprig of heliotrope, which she knew to be her mother's favorite flower, laid it on the work-table at her side. Mrs.

Edwardes smiled gratefully upon her daughter; and Lucy inquired whether she would like some music. — “Yes, let me have one of your beautiful Scotch airs.” — “Or my last new Italian song, mamma?” — “Whichever suits your own taste best, my love.” — Lucy seated herself at the piano, and poured forth a full tide of song, which at other times would have gratified her mother’s ear; but the closed eye and hectic flush bespoke suffering too acute to be soothed by mortal melody.

All this while, Mrs. Edwardes had been watched by another anxious eye; for Lucy had a sister, about a year older than herself; and just then, Marion Edwardes was seated at the other end of the drawing-room, seemingly engaged in sketching, but her pencil was held in silent thoughtfulness, while she looked earnestly towards her mother. After a moment’s hesitation, she arose and going into the next room, brought back a restorative which she offered to the invalid; a look of grateful love rewarded her consideration, and she inquired in a low voice: “Is the music too much for you, mamma?” — “Oh, no; don’t mar Lucy’s pleasure: I am stronger again.” — But Marion turned round and whispered to her sister, “I think, Lucy, some simpler melody would please

mamma better, for she does not seem well enough to-day to enjoy such brilliant music." — "That is just one of your old-fashioned notions, Marion; as if an air of Bellini's could be more hurtful than some ditty which has been sung for ages by shepherds and ploughboys! . . . but if mamma is suffering, I had better not play at all," she continued; and closing the instrument, rose up from her seat. Observing that Marion looked grieved, she added in a contrite tone: "I hope, dearest Marion, you are not displeased with me; I would not vex you for worlds." — So saying she kissed her cheek, and resuming her embroidery, seated herself once more at her mother's side.

This little scene had passed behind Mrs. Edwardes' couch, but she had overheard some of her children's words, and her eye rested anxiously on them both. The entrance of her husband introduced new topics of conversation, and as she exerted herself to enliven the leisure hour which was always devoted to her, he could not realize to himself that the being, whose soft cheerfulness and harmless wit formed the delight of his home, was about to pass away like a shadow from the face of the earth.

A year had elapsed since the day just alluded to.

The sun shone as brightly as ever upon the gay conservatory, whose fragrance had often been so grateful to the drooping invalid. The sound of music was still heard within that pleasant drawing-room. Books and work were, as heretofore, scattered throughout the apartment. But she, whose presence had once shed a calm joy around these household comforts, was gone: and her young daughters looked sad and desolate in their sable garments. Yet theirs was the sadness of a spring morning, whose clouds and sunshine are so happily blended together, that one would not give up the tempered brightness of that changeful sky for the brilliancy of the noontide hour. She who was gone hence, had spoken words of peace and hope which dwelt within their hearts, as pledges of their mother's bliss; and her spirit seemed to hover around their domestic hearth, binding together more closely than ever those who were dearest to her on earth. Her widowed husband seemed to centre all his love and all his hopes in his two daughters, who now formed his only household treasures.

Marion and Lucy were at an age which peculiarly needed a mother's care, for they were just springing into womanhood; but all that a father's tenderness could supply was bestowed by Mr. Edwardes, who, in

each leisure hour, directed their studies, shared in their pursuits, and gave them every healthful recreation they could desire. He seemed to live for his children, and they loved him with that devoted affection which is the happiest bond between a father and his daughters. Marion was his daily counsellor and stay, for she united to all the freshness of seventeen, the ripened judgment of a more advanced age; but Lucy was his pride and his darling. Her dark eyes rested on him with such fond affection — her childlike playfulness was so bewitching — her voice so full of sweet modulation! Yes, Lucy was her father's favorite, and she knew it.

In the earlier days of his widowhood, Mr. Edwardes had turned chiefly to Marion for comfort, and her silent tears were his best earthly solace; but as his grief became less poignant, he found relief in the society of his younger daughter, whose occasional bursts of sorrow were less oppressive to his spirits than the quiet sadness of her sister.

As time wore on, Marion spoke more rarely than heretofore of her beloved mother, whose image, however, dwelt within her heart, and whose words she treasured up as a storehouse of wisdom and consolation. Lucy, on the other hand, loved to talk with

her father of the being so dear to them both; and these conversations tended to lighten the burden of their sorrow, and to prepare them for a participation in other thoughts and joys, connected with the present rather than with the past.

It was a calm autumn evening. The sisters were standing together in a bay window, from whence they watched the setting sun as it sank behind the distant hills which bounded their horizon. Marion's hand rested on her sister's shoulder, and it seemed as though some painful recollection had been awakened by the beauty of the scene, for a tear stole down her cheek, which, being observed by Lucy, she gently kissed away. At this moment their father entered with an open note in his hand.

“Here is an invitation for you, my children, to Florence-court.”

“Are we to go?”

“May we go?” escaped at the same moment, from Marion and Lucy's lips.

“Just as you please; for I have no wish to deprive you of any innocent enjoyment. What say you, my grave and gentle Marion?” inquired Mr. Edwardes, addressing his eldest daughter.

“Oh, papa, as far as my choice is concerned,” began

Marion, but perceiving a shade of disappointment on Lucy's countenance, she added, "let dear Lucy decide; I will do whatever she likes best."

Lucy's features lighted up as she expressed the delight it would give her to accept Lady Leslie's invitation, saying that Isabel Leslie was such a charming person that she longed to see her again.

"Well, my little enthusiast, you shall go there; but this is rather an impromptu friendship you have formed for Miss Leslie; you have met but once — besides, she is several years older than you are."

"Yes, yes, papa; but she is so beautiful and so kind, and sings so divinely! I cannot help loving her."

Mr. Edwardes rallied her for a few moments longer, and then returned to his study. Marion looked rather graver than usual; but Lucy was too happy in anticipation of the morrow, to observe her sister's saddened aspect.

The second year of Mr. Edwardes' widowhood had passed away, and the beloved mother of his children was about to be replaced by a younger and more beautiful companion. Isabella Leslie was on the eve of becoming the mistress of Hazlewood. Lucy's heart leaped with joy at the prospect of having her friend

the inmate of her home, so that she could enjoy her society without the many interruptions which had of late somewhat excited her impatient disposition. There was but one drawback to her happiness. She could not conceal from herself that the union in which she so fondly rejoiced, was painfully unwelcome to her sister. Marion's calm smile and quiet demeanor might have deceived an ordinary observer; but the eye of affection could detect a struggling heart beneath this peaceful exterior. This discovery would have affected Lucy still more deeply, had she not thought it strangely unreasonable of Marion not to share in the ardent attachment she felt for her friend. At times, the remembrance that her mother had not desired the acquaintance of the Leslie's family for her children, would give her a momentary pang; but this unwelcome thought was quickly expelled by her determination to believe, that had Isabella's excellences been known to her mother, she would gladly have chosen her as the companion of her daughters.

The bridal pair had returned from their wedding tour, and on their arrival at home, Isabella was greeted by Lucy with the same ardent enthusiasm which had marked her attachment since the first day of their meeting; Marion was there too, and in the cordial

welcome she gave her father's wife, no shade of gloom was suffered to overcloud this their first family meeting. Mr. Edwardes was too much engrossed with his own happiness to observe the changing color of his eldest daughter at this trying moment; but the haughty expression of Isabella's eye, as her glance rested on Marion, showed that there was one at least who had detected the hidden feelings of her heart. Isabella was not destitute of many good qualities, but her natural vanity had been fostered by an injudicious mother into arrogance and self-conceit. Alas! how often does mistaken affection check the unfolding of kindly virtues within the bosom of its idol! even like some parasitic creepers which stifle the blossoms of those fragrant shrubs around which they have entwined themselves with an aspect of clinging tenderness.

The sisters were now emancipated from the restraints of the schoolroom, but their old place of study was still appropriated to their exclusive use; and there, a few hours were daily spent by Marion in reading or in other favorite pursuits. There too, she often sought refuge from petty mortifications which awaited her in the drawing-room; nor did she ever trust herself to rejoin the domestic circle, until she had obtained

strength to fulfil cheerfully the new duties which were now allotted to her.

In this quiet apartment she was seated one afternoon, when Lucy rushed into the room, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck, exclaimed passionately, "You are the only one now left to love or care for me, dearest Marion! Oh how bitter it is to be deceived where one has trusted so fondly — so entirely!"

"What do you mean, my love?" inquired Marion, with an anxious look.

"You know, Marion, how I have devoted every thought to my father and Isabella, — how I longed for their union, — how I rejoiced at its accomplishment. Well, they no longer care for me. I am not necessary to their happiness; nay, my presence seems unwelcome to them; but," added she, rising up with an air of offended dignity, — "I will not tamely submit to such insulting treatment. They shall learn that I can exist without them. The world is wide enough for them and me."

Marion, though used to occasional outbursts of her sister's ardent temper, looked perplexed and grieved. After a moment's hesitation, she said: "Surely, you are mistaken, Lucy; although papa has, of course, less

leisure to bestow on us now than in former days, yet he is very kind; and as for Isabella, it is impossible but that she should love you."

"Yes, with such love as a stepmother may bestow, but not such as I have a right to expect from my chosen friend. And, as for papa, he is so engrossed with his young wife, that I believe, at heart, he cares very little for you or me, although *you* may choose to believe the contrary; for *my* part, I will not be deceived by him or by Isabella either."

"Dear, dear Lucy," said Marion gravely, "do you remember that he is our father, and that it is our duty to love him, and to love her for his sake?"

"*Duty!* that is so like you, Marion. You are a very wise teacher truly, but you cannot make me love by rule," said Lucy scornfully.

"Indeed, I did not mean to *teach* you, dear Lucy; but you cannot forget who it was," she added with a trembling lip, "who it was that taught us that Duty was the highest and holiest principle of life. You cannot forget who it was that warned us how the strongest affection might sometimes waver, if not controlled and guided by a sense of duty."

Lucy burst into tears, and throwing herself anew into her sister's arms, cried out, "Ah! my beloved

mother, would that she were here again, to pity and direct us."

"We cannot recall her, dearest Lucy, nor, perhaps, ought we to wish to do so; but may we not best cherish her memory by endeavoring to obey all her wishes concerning us?"

"It is so hard! so very hard!" observed Lucy. "You cannot know, Marion, how difficult it is to be gentle and loving to those who are wounding and annoying you; for you are naturally so kind and good that you have no struggle in doing what is right."

"No struggle!" replied Marion, mournfully. "Oh, Lucy! how little do you know of the long, bitter struggles I have had before it was possible for me to overcome painful and rebellious feelings, so as to be able cheerfully to fulfil the duties of my present position."

"Is it possible, dearest Marion? and I knew nothing about it. How cold, how hateful, you must have thought me!"

"No, no. I always felt sure that you loved me, although we seemed unhappily to be estranged for a while."

"Oh! I shall never — never be like you, my dear, good Marion," said Lucy, in a renewed agony of grief.

“Say not so, dearest Lucy; for are we not both equally weak and frail in our best resolutions? and have we not the same unfailing promise of strength to cheer and support us in every time of trial? Only let us ask earnestly for it, and act honestly up to our convictions of what is right, then all will be well, and happy too.”

“Happy!” reëchoed Lucy, with an incredulous smile.

“Yes, happy, my dearest sister; for we cannot but remember how often our beloved mother told us, that the path of duty is the way to happiness, even in this present life.”

We will now pass over two years of the domestic life at Hazlewood; and, at the end of this period, we find Isabella the mother of a lovely boy, whose birth had made her dearer than ever to Mr. Edwardes; indeed, the little stranger seemed to be a sweet bond of love, drawing the whole household nearer to one another.

Hour after hour Marion would steal into the nursery to gaze upon her new-born brother, and her gentle caresses soon made her welcome to the infant. As for Lucy, her admiration of him was unbounded; and Isabella, whose whole being seemed softened

and elevated by the new sensation of maternal love, could not but look kindly upon those by whom her little one was so tenderly cherished.

Alas! a worm was within this early bud of domestic joy. Isabella saw her babe droop and wither at a time when her own failing health rendered her unable to yield all those fond offices of love which a mother best can bestow. Marion supplied her place with untiring devotion; nor was Lucy less anxious to watch over her dying brother; but the ardor of her spirit somewhat disqualified her for the patient stillness which a sick room requires. Marion directed her zeal into the more active channel of attendance on Isabella, whose indisposition, combined with anxiety, often made her sensitive and irritable. This was a time of trial to the new-formed principles of Lucy; but, amid some failures and discouragements, she gradually learned the blessedness of forbearing, as well as of acting from a sense of duty. Keeping this high aim steadily in view, she found, moreover, that insensibly her affection for Isabella was reviving, and that it was no longer a passionate emotion, but a kindly, unselfish love.

When Isabella came to suffer that bitter anguish which a bereaved mother alone can know, Lucy saw

without jealousy that she turned intuitively to Marion for comfort ; — to Marion, who had borne with Christian meekness her neglect and scorn ; — to Marion, who had fostered her little one with unwearied tenderness. To her she now sought for sympathy ; and it was yielded to her in all its gentle and unalloyed purity, fresh from the fountain-head of mercy and of love.

The first agony of maternal grief was past, and Isabella, unwilling to make others more miserable by indulging in the luxury of solitary woe, had rejoined the domestic circle. It was a cold autumn evening, and the family party were collected around their fireside, at that twilight hour when English reserve is wont to be unlocked, and the thoughts of English hearts to be more freely spoken. Isabella had just placed on Marion's finger a mourning ring, in remembrance of the babe who was so dear to them both, and almost involuntarily she pressed the finger, with its precious burthen, to her lips.

“ Oh, Marion.” she exclaimed, “ how could I have been so cruel to you ; and how were you able to bear so gently with my unkindness ? ”

“ Surely, it was my duty to do so ; besides, you never *meant* to be cruel or unkind, dear Isabella.”

“ Not deliberately, perhaps, but that is no excuse

for my conduct, neither can I be so ungenerous as to accept it as such."

"That confession is worthy of you, my noble-minded Isabella," said Mr. Edwardes to his wife; "nor can I feel myself guiltless of having somewhat neglected those who are very dear to me; but how can we atone better for past errors, than by acting for the future on Marion's principle?"

"Not mine, dear papa, do not call it mine; it was taught us by our beloved mother, and you know from what high and holy source she drew it."

Isabella drew a deep sigh. "Ah! Marion, what a treasure your mother must have been; would that I were like her."

"That is a wish, which every heart here might well reëcho for itself," rejoined her husband; "but why, dearest, should we not adopt the same principles which were her guide, and seek for the same strength which was her stay? then we, too, shall know the happiness arising from a steady adherence to duty, and which, my children," he added, with a look of affection upon his daughters, "which my children, I rejoice to think, have already found."

Isabella's glance bespoke a deep though silent acquiescence. Lucy almost sobbed for joy, as she

threw herself into Isabella's arms, exclaiming, "Ah! we shall all be happy again, shall we not? dear Isabella."

The mother's heart had been too recently wrung with misery to respond cheerfully to Lucy's expectation of happiness; but, while returning her affectionate embrace, she whispered, "We shall, at least, have a home of peace and love."

"And shall we not indulge in bright hope too?" inquired Marion, softly. A gentle pressure of her hand was the only answer given.

Mr. Edwardes sat silently by, gazing upon his wife and daughters; his look was one of tenderness and admiration.

That twilight conversation was prolonged until the shades of night fell thickly around the inmates of Hazlewood; and that dull autumn evening, which began with such sorrowful reminiscences, was followed by a long course of tranquil happiness, such as can only be experienced by those whose love has been strengthened by trial, and whose most ardent affections are swayed by the firm yet gentle hand of Duty.

THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

SPEED, speed upon thy way!
I send thee on a gentle errand, — fly,
And work my bidding ere the parting ray
Fades from the western sky.

The summer woods are dark,
And murmur lovingly, yet pause not thou
That bearest tokens onward to thine ark,
More sure than leaf or bough!

In sunshine bathe thy breast,
Stay not within the swift and glancing rill
To dip thy wing; for thee a sweeter rest
Is waiting, — onward still!

Forth from the casement — there
She leans to gaze upon the sky; and now
The evening light lies golden on her hair,
Lies warm on cheek and brow.

She looks unto the west, —
It is for thee she watches: thou wilt be
Soon by her hand, her gentle hand, carest, —
How softly, tenderly!

But first beneath thy wing
It trembles, while she seeks my letter; well
She knows, ere yet she frees the silken string,
All that it hath to tell!

And yet the heart would fain
Hear what it best hath loved repeated oft;
It falls and rises, beating with the strain,
In measured cadence soft.

Like childhood's ear that drinks
Some oft-told story, some remembered rhyme,
It knows and greets each coming word, yet thinks
Them sweeter every time.

Ah! would that to *her* heart
She chanced but once to press the folded line,
Then all the warmth to sudden life would start
I breathed on it from mine!

The love, the tenderness,
That found in words no kindred language, *there*
Would seek a fond interpreter to guess
All they may ne'er declare.

I do but stay thy flight, —
Speed on thy way! The summer Heavens are wide,
Yet through their broad and untracked fields of light
Thou wilt not need a guide.

My thoughts before thee fly, —
Thou needest but to follow where they lead;
They have *one* way — ah, would that with thee, I
Might also follow! — Speed!



THE MAID OF THE MILL.

BY H. A.

“THE Maid of the Mill!” exclaimed Janet Foster, as she glanced at a pretty engraving she held in her hand. “What a picturesque costume! How much more becoming than these uniform dresses we are all wearing now-a-days! And such a uniform life as one must lead, too! Every body talks on the same subjects — lives through their days in the same way. Dear me! why was not I born a Maid of the Mill, that I might live a freer life, where I should not have to discuss the opera and the latest polka! Such tedious men as there are about! And I have the consciousness, all the time, that none of them care a penny for me. I am Miss Foster, the orphan heiress, and so Harry Stanton laughs at my jokes, and Mr. Gray sends me flowers. Old Mr. Beauseant makes his weekly visits, and all the girls look at me with envy. But, really, with this pretty costume on, — this

short dress, so much freer than our sweeping robes, — this becoming little hat, to say nothing of the little white feet, — if I had only been born to these, I think I might have made a picture, too!”

So soliliquized pretty Janet Foster, who had been all her life petted and spoiled, and had never once expressed a wish but it was gratified as soon as it was uttered. And in this instance, her usual fortune did not fail her.

A letter was brought in to her: — “From Sandis-knowe! What out-of-the-way place is that? Ah, from dear Miss Milicent: now for a long letter upon rural felicity!”

Dear Miss Milicent was no longer Miss Milicent; but she had so long borne that name, that it was difficult to bestow upon her her new appellation of Mrs. Stubbs.

Miss Milicent had held the office of governess to Janet Foster. This had not been a trying duty; for her pupil had possessed such a boundless good humor, and such veneration for Miss Milicent, that the task of educating her had proved an easy one.

Nevertheless, Miss Milicent did not so much enjoy eating “the bread of dependence,” but that she could prefer to accept Mr. Stubbs’s offer, and live on flour

of his own making. When, upon the death of his first wife, and the marriage of his only daughter, Mr. Stubbs had looked round for some worthy person to take charge of his *menage*, his thoughts turned towards the rosy-checked maiden who had left Sandisknowe in her youth, to seek her fortune in the world. Since then his own fortunes had risen; he owned himself the little mill that decorated the valley of Sandisknowe, and found now that Miss Milicent was not sorry to retire there again, and leave behind her a world that had never treated her flatteringly.

And now her letter enlarged upon her new-found domestic happiness. She described the care with which Mr. Stubbs had arranged the pretty cottage that formed her home, the neat vegetable garden, but, most of all, the picturesque beauty of the country round about, that truly equalled all those pictures that the memory of her childhood had painted for her, and which she had often retraced to Janet. She concluded by hoping that when Miss Janet should be longing for a retreat from the gayeties about her, she would come to Sandisknowe, and take possession of the cottage chamber, that was already adorned with reference to her taste.

With Janet, action followed upon thought, as

quickly as her words were wont to flow; and it was not many days before she found herself on her way to the happy valley. She had found no difficulty in obtaining the consent of her Uncle and Aunt Standfast (with whom she had lived from her infancy), to this step. Mrs. Standfast, too, promised secrecy upon the subject. She agreed not to let Harry Stanton, or the Grays, or any of Janet's friends, know of the place of her retreat. She was the more willing and able to promise this, for she was not a woman of many words. Whether from the depths of her philosophy and experience, she had learned that silence is golden, or whether she had educated herself to the habit of never speaking until she had something to say,—and her placid mind was seldom awakened by the dawning of an idea,—it would be useless to strive to discover. Mr. Standfast was so enveloped in politics, that after Janet had mentioned the spot to which she was going, and he had recalled that the village had never a vote to throw, he dismissed the whole subject from his mind.

Thus it was without any obstacles, Janet found herself ensconced in her governess's new home. Nay, more had her fond hopes been realized; she had gained possession of the wardrobe that Miss Emily

Stubbs had left behind, when she had gone to foreign parts with her officer bridegroom. The costume of this true Maid of the Mill had suited Janet admirably — the little mirror in her apartment had shown her it was not unbecoming. The kindly Mr. Stubbs was willing to humor her fancy, and allow her to imagine that, in occasionally weeding his borders, in drawing the water from the light bucket in the well, and filling a picturesque pitcher at times, that she was performing the duties of the Maid of the Mill. To these services she at length added another — that of carrying to Mr. Stubbs his noon-day meal. The good-hearted man was willing to forgive her, when her love of the beautiful occasionally interfered with her punctuality, and when she lingered on the little bridge to watch the water plunging below, or some cloud hovering over the tree-tops in the little valley. Aunt Milicent, as Janet now insisted upon calling her, would kindly pass over in silence any little mishap, such as the letting fall of the rustic pail, that Janet occasionally strove to bear upon her head in peasant fashion; and the privileged Janet was able to taste of all the sweets of rural life, fancying she was bearing its burthens.

It was one lovely day, Janet had started towards

the mill, with her little pail in hand, when she paused a few moments, as she often did, to look up the stream, and watch the sparkling waters, as they trickled along their rocky bed, with the long plants drooping over them, refreshed by the dropping spray. As she turned away her head, her eyes caught those of a young man, who was leaning on a fence near by, who had apparently been watching her for some time. He moved away when he was observed, and Janet, a little confused, hastened on. But her thoughts all day were filled with the remembrance of the large striking eyes that had been fixed upon her, though she, at the same time, recalled that the young man had been simply dressed, and from his manner she had fancied he must be one of the farmers in the neighborhood. Towards evening, as Janet was moving about in the cottage garden with Mr. Stubbs, the same young man was seen to pass along. Mr. Stubbs beckoned him in, and then explained to Janet that he was a "new hand," that he had employed only a few days, but he considered him a *smart* young man, and was anxious to encourage him. Janet turned away as Mr. Stubbs greeted the young man: — "What a pity," she thought, at first, "that his station is not a little higher, such a figure and such eyes as he has!"

Afterwards, she reflected that such were the characters she had wished to become acquainted with; that honesty and sterling worth such as this young man's face seemed to show, ought to have a charm in her eyes greater than the gifts of intellect or of position. Perhaps the simple grace, and the diffident, reverential manner of the young man, assisted Janet in these conclusions; and she found herself soon entering into conversation with Mr. Stubbs and his guest. This was the first meeting, but was followed up by many others with Oswald Lansing. In conversation, he appeared so unassuming; he showed such a pure, even refined love of nature; and, besides these, a desire for information on many subjects, that Janet was insensibly attracted towards him. He appeared to have found time to read a great deal, and testified a familiarity with the poets. Janet was glad, too, that fortune had favored him with a more euphonious name than that of her new protector.

"I wonder," said Janet, one evening, as, with Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, and their new friend, she sate in the pretty porch, "I wonder if any of the truly high-born ladies did ever lay aside their gay life, and live happily in such a spot as this? Or are there really any pleasures greater than these, such as we

enjoy to-night, which they would look back upon with regret?" Janet, with her new-formed love of rural life, asked this question from her heart, but she tried to veil it under her assumed character of the miller's niece.

"I have often wondered, rather," said Oswald, "whether Tennyson's tale of Lord Burleigh can be a true one. Have you read it, Miss Burns? — (Janet had preserved, in her retreat, only the 'Janet Burns' of her name) — You remember, then, that the village maiden, as the wife of Lord Burleigh, could not sustain the 'burthen of an honor unto which she was not born.'"

"I remember," said Janet, "that it is the only time I ever heard of any one dying of humility, and I have wondered if that were a possible thing."

"People have suffered," said Aunt Milicent, "from thinking they were not great enough for their duties."

"It is my private opinion," said Janet, "that a woman is equal to any rank, and can become it well, if she has only the heart for it. And I believe that the Lady Burleigh suffered more from the deceit her lover had played off upon her than from the honors that had been thrust upon her shoulders."

Oswald wished to discuss the question, to show

that, as Lord Burleigh, the village maid would never have recognized as a lover the landscape painter whom she could listen to. But Janet was afraid she was assuming too high a tone for her present character. She was constantly surprised at the quickness and originality of Oswald's mind. "How much more suggestive and fresh," she thought, "than those of my old lovers; it must be true, then, that such a life as this, is a greater awakener of genius, than one passed in the conventionalities of society." Oswald Lansing had discovered that Aunt Milicent and Janet occasionally devoted some hours to the study of Italian. Much to Janet's surprise, he begged to be allowed to join them at times. It was a language which he had coveted the knowledge of. His reading of Milton had excited in him a desire to become acquainted with the language of that country, of which that great poet seemed to preserve so warm a remembrance. Janet was surprised at the readiness of their new scholar, while Oswald was on his side astonished to find how much Janet had already acquired. Thus many weeks passed away. Janet's daily walks to the mill were at a more quick pace than formerly; but, in returning, she would linger along the path, seemingly deep in thought. Oswald

was always busily at work at the mill, full of animation in his occupation, yet ready to say something so truly original, and sometimes witty, that it would form the subject of Janet's thoughts on her way homeward.

It was after an evening at the cottage, that Oswald took his way down the stream towards his home. "Can it be possible?" said he to himself, "that all my romantic visions are realized? Have I really found a country maiden, unsophisticated, unacquainted with city airs and wiles, who adds to a graceful person and face, a cultivated mind, or one quite susceptible of cultivation? Such refinement of manners, too! How much more meaning is there in a single motion of Janet's, than in the set airs and graces of a gay lady of fashion!"

Abstracted in these thoughts, Oswald did not observe the approach of an angler, who was lazily strolling along, till he was roused by an exclamation:—

"Oswald! Oswald Lansing!—thanks to the new moon, I have hit upon some game worthy a whole day's angling! And so we have come upon your concealed retreat! Here it is that the philosopher finds in nature that peace that the world denies him! But tell me now, what brought you here to this dull,

quiet nook of the world, what keeps you here, and will you come away with me to-morrow?"

"Nonsense!" said Oswald. "Why should not the same thing draw me here that brought you, Frank?"

"And in costume, too, if my eyes do not deceive me. Is that an Italian debardeur's dress, or is it the true peasant of the country that you assume? It is not unbecoming, in truth!"

"It is appropriate to the place," said Oswald. "I tell you I am tired of your drawing-room life. There is more variety in the changes that morning, noon, and night bring on this little valley, on the little stream that flows through it, with its picturesque bridge, its ancient mill, than" —

"Oh, a mill! — a miller's daughter, perhaps! Have you a poem upon the fair maiden's eyebrows?"

"Mr. Stubbs's only daughter is married, and, at present, I believe in India, where" —

"Where you would not object to my following her. But I am not inclined to accept your polite invitation at present. I would give you a day, and allow you to initiate me into rural delights, but I have wasted my only spare day in a fruitless search after the trout that my innkeeper promised me; so this night is all

that I can bestow upon you, and you must show me my way back to the rural mansion where I hope a savory supper is awaiting me."

A month had passed away, when, as Janet sat at the cottage window with Aunt Milicent,—an unaccustomed sight, a letter, was brought her. Janet read it once, twice, then gave it to Aunt Milicent; and, at length, when she had concluded it, both burst out into laughter, of which Janet's was the most immoderate as well as the most musical. The letter was from one of her old friends, who began by saying she had, at last, drawn out from Aunt Standfast the place of Janet's retreat; and knowing she must be famishing for want of tidings from the world, she had seated herself to write her a gossiping letter. After relating Harry Stanton's last joke, describing the last fashion, and giving an account of the last ball, (which Janet recognized as the very picture of all the balls she had ever attended in B.,) Maria went on,—“Pray, in your wilds, did you ever meet with Oswald Lansing? Frank Vivian declares that he fished him up, in just such an out-of-the-way place, with just such an unpronounceable name, as your Aunt Standfast says you have retired to. He would be a real jewel, if you could find him! He is rich and handsome, then he

is the best polker I ever knew, and has the greatest amount of small talk of any gentleman of my acquaintance. Harry Stanton is silent before him. After flirting with all the girls at the seaside, where I met him last summer, it seems he has retired, in disgust with society. But I must tell you how Harry Stanton wears his willow for you" —

But Janet neglected to notice what were the motions of Harry Stanton, in her amusement at the thought of the masquerade she had been playing with Oswald Lansing. A gleam of light came over "that wonderful breadth of information and depth of intellect," that she had detected in the young rustic.

In the midst of their merriment, Janet and Aunt Milicent were aroused by the voice of Oswald Lansing without the window. He wished to know the subject of their amusement. Janet answered thoughtlessly, by giving Oswald her letter.

Could Janet reconcile herself to marrying one who was a leader in high society? Could Oswald forget his dreams of elevating a maid of the mill to that refined circle she was worthy to move in? These were questions that were quickly answered. A rural cottage rose soon, on the pretty knoll looking down upon the mountain stream. Harry Stanton facetiously

called it Stubbs's Lodge ; but Janet and Oswald Lansing were quite too happy to heed the idle jokes of their old society friends. Oswald occasionally acknowledged that he was not sorry that Janet had already compared the gay life of the world with the quiet routine of her country home, and had seen "the folly" of the former ; while Janet was obliged to confess that beside the attractive simplicity she had fancied in the rustic Oswald, she was not sorry to have a refined high breeding, that he must have learned elsewhere than in the mill of Sandisknowe. But the principal ornament of the new cottage, is a sketch of Janet, in her pretty costume as the "Maid of the Mill," watching the flow of the water.

THE HEART'S AWAKENING

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

ONLY yesterday a Child,
She the little rosy maiden,
Hers the glee of laughter wild!
Now her brow with thought is laden.
From behind her eyes there gleams
Light which tells of stranger-dreams,
Faint, like summer morning breaking,
With the shadows warfare making;
It is waking — it is waking!

Gone for aye the childish peace,
Bounding, trotting at our call;
Slowlier, with a sweeping grace,
See her tiny foot-prints fall:
Silenter the babbling tongue,
When her elder friends among;

Yet her speech new music making,
And her words new meaning taking,
Now her Girlish Heart is waking!

She hath opened Nature's books,
Leaf by leaf they turn for her ;
And her soul, as still she looks,
Heaveth with a gentle stir.
Stars,—that were but stars before
Shown by scientific lore,
Off such prosy fetters shaking,—
Are with spirit-lustre breaking
On the Heart that's newly waking!

She will sit in listless thrall
Gazing on a fleecy cloud ;
Or upon the waterfall ;
Or upon a flowery crowd ;
Or on bee and butterfly ;
Or on birds that climb the sky ;
As she were dull earth forsaking—
Life from dream-land only taking,
Meet for Young Hearts just awaking!

There is yet another change

For the pensive little maiden:—

Now good angels near her range;

Be their white wings wisdom-laden!

She no longer solely looks

Into Nature's extern books,

Though she musing sits apart:

She hath found a subtler teacher,

And a more impassioned preacher,

In her wakened Woman's Heart

THE ADVENTURES OF CARLO FRANCONI,

AN ITALIAN PEASANT. RELATED BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

MY parents resided within a short distance of Campiano, one of those mountain villages remote from the high road, and rarely visited by strangers; here they possessed a small farm, and were at the time of my birth amongst the wealthiest people of the district. One of the earliest events I can remember was the festival in celebration of the christening of my little sister; relations and friends came from miles around, and during several days kept up one continued scene of festivity and dancing. My childish heart was delighted with the bright, gay costumes of the women, pleasant stories, and friendly faces of the men, the music, dancing, and usual accompaniments of such a festival. Yet with all my pleasure, it seemed to me that the little being, whose admittance into the church

of Christ had given rise to all this gayety, was forgotten; and I stole away from the busy scene, climbed up the steep and narrow stairs, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, gazed on her, as a devotee upon the image of the Virgin Mother. The child at length awoke and began to cry. I took her in my arms; and, as if conscious of the love that swelled within my heart, she soon ceased her wailing, and nestling in my bosom, again fell asleep. A feeling then arose in my heart which influenced my whole after-life. *Nanina! gioja mia!* as I then watched your slumbers, I tasted the bliss that crowns man's life with rapture, of loving and protecting a beloved object. The birth of this sister had been a source of intense happiness to me. Child as I was, (at that time but six years old,) I felt when first her dark eyes opened on me, that life became brighter and happier. As years passed on we were inseparable; we neglected the companions of our own age, and knew no greater pleasure than to wander hand-in-hand through the mountain pastures, watching the sheep and goats as they browsed on the scanty herbage around us. I cannot define the thoughts and feelings which then filled our young hearts to overflowing; it seemed as if every thing in Nature spoke to us.

In this blissful state our first years were passed, and another infant was added to our little family. Sorrow was as yet unknown to us; but soon, too soon, alas! it came—how sudden, how desolating was the evil that befel us! One morning early in the month of July, Nanina and I had risen betimes to accompany our parents to the neighboring town of San Stefano, where the annual festival of the Madonna dei Fiori was to be celebrated. We had never before quitted our village, and the proposed journey filled us with delight. Two mules were brought to the door, on one of which my mother was quickly mounted, with Nanina before her; the other was intended for me, while our father walked beside us. The day, though cloudy and unpromising, had but little influence on our gayety; and as we climbed the steep mountain, we talked and laughed merrily, regardless of the stormy clouds that gathered around us. When we reached the summit, the rain began to fall, but the valley beneath us was bathed in sunshine, and we hastened forward; behind us all was darkness; black masses of clouds obscured the horizon, and a dense fog veiled Campiano from our sight. On reaching San Stefano, however, all trace of storm had disappeared; the sun shone down with golden splendor; crowds

were thronging to early mass in the principal church, and acquaintances greeted us at every step. Arches and festoons of flowers decorated the streets, and garlands of ribbons and bright pieces of carpet were displayed from the windows of the houses; the steps and centre aisle of the church were strewn with flowers; hundreds of tapers burned on the high altar; and before the shrines, ornamented with pictures and statues, knelt crowds of men, women, and children, in various and, to us, novel costumes. On quitting the church, we joined a procession of priests and friars, which accompanied the image of the Madonna, in whose honor the Festa was held. This figure was once a year borne through the streets with great solemnity, and presented to the adoration of the people; it was placed on a platform, and, covered as it was with gold, silver, and artificial flowers, it seemed to us the most beautiful and wonderful sight we had ever beheld.

When we had seen the Madonna conveyed back to the church, we hastened to the house of a relative where it had been agreed that we should pass the night, returning to Campiano the following morning. During the afternoon, the sky again became overcast, and the ridge of mountains we had passed in the

morning was hidden by dark and heavy clouds; the wind suddenly rose and blew a hurricane, while the rain fell in torrents. My father, who well knew the nature of these storms, became uneasy; his eye wandered restlessly to the hills behind which lay our home, and turning to my mother, he said, "Would to God, Francesca, that we were safe at home!" The storm continued through the night; but it was evident that its greatest violence had been spent before it reached San Stefano. The morning dawned in loveliness; all Nature seemed refreshed by the late rain, and my father reanimated by the scene, cast aside the gloomy forebodings of the night. We took our departure early, and slowly wended our way up the narrow road, which was slippery with the late rain; but our sure-footed mules marched steadily on, and we reached the summit in safety. What a scene then met our eyes! what terror seized upon our hearts as we gazed below! The country around Campiano was converted into a vast lake, from which the village, placed on an eminence, rose like an island. The Taro had burst its banks, and the whole valley was inundated. My father turned to us in speechless horror, and my mother falling on her knees, buried her face in her hands. No time, however, was to be lost,

and we hurried down the mountain. The villagers were watching our descent, and where the waters rendered it impossible to proceed on mules, they had a boat in readiness to transport us to the village.

Never can I forget the awful scenes that met our eyes as we rowed on; we saw within a few hundred yards of us the spot where our home had stood; house, out-buildings, all had disappeared, and the rushing waters flowed over the ruins. The Taro, foaming and boiling, rolled on, its former bed marked by the greater strength of the current; beams and rafters of houses, dead bodies of animals, and, still more horrible, of men were drifting down the tide. As we gazed, my father's face became deadly pale, and my mother clasped her hands in agony, when they beheld a cradle tossed on the agitated waves. "My child, my child!" shrieked the wretched mother, but ere the words had passed her lips, the cradle was overwhelmed, and disappeared. This was but the first of a series of trials. The river had swept away all that we possessed. Ere the domestics left in charge of the premises could escape, death had overtaken them: not one was left to tell the tale of desolation.

We readily found shelter in the village, for my father's high character and kindly nature had made

him universally beloved; every one pitied Bernardo Franconi, and many doors were opened to receive the houseless family. Night closed on the dismal spectacle, but brought no rest to my poor father; he was a ruined man; all, all had perished in this dire catastrophe — all, save his wife, Nanina, and myself. I remember to this hour the expression of his face, as, clasping my mother to his heart, he said, “God leaves me *you*, Francesca; blessed be His holy name!”

But even this source of happiness was not long spared to him. My mother, at all times in delicate health, never recovered the effects of that dreadful night; her rest was broken by the fancied cries of her drowning child, and though she strove to keep the knowledge of her state from us all, she yet knew that she was dying; and soon, before the spring flowers succeeded to the winter floods, she was laid in her quiet grave. From that time I never saw my father smile; he was kind, and careful to provide what comforts he could for us, but his heart was broken; I have seen him sit and gaze upon Nanina, until his eyes were blinded with tears; her beauty and gentleness so forcibly reminded him of his Francesca, that her presence only gave him pain instead of comfort. By the assistance of some

relatives he established himself in another little farm; but he was listless and dispirited, and our present was a sad contrast to our former home. Repressed in all expression of cheerfulness or childish glee, by the silent sorrow of our father, we sought amusement in the village; and amongst the many houses in which we were welcome guests, none had such powerful attractions for us, as one small cottage. There is something beautiful in the friendship that at times springs up between the old and young, when age remembering its early days, gives warm and loving sympathy to youth, and youth laying aside its too boisterous mirth, listens reverently to the teaching of age. Pietro Dossi, the aged inhabitant of our favorite cottage, had in his younger days visited many distant lands; travelling from place to place in company with other boys, as a vender of images, he had at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to realize his early dream of purchasing a small piece of land in the neighborhood of his native village; this he had cultivated with his own hands, until the approach of age rendered repose necessary to him, and he now dwelt in Campiano surrounded by his old friends, honored and respected by all who knew him, imparting, from his store of traveller's tales, pleasure

and instruction to the young. Nanina and I were never happier than when listening to him, — she seated on the old man's knee, and I, sitting at his feet playing with Jacopo, the pet monkey, who was Pietro's sole companion. He related his adventures for our diversion; and as he told of foreign countries, I longed to follow in his track, and see and learn for myself. This desire grew stronger and stronger within me; but the thought of my father and his loneliness, checked its fulfilment. Events, however, soon happened which, by throwing me on my own resources, opened my path to England, for it was to London that all my longings turned.

I had barely attained my fourteenth year, and Nanina was in her ninth, when my father was suddenly attacked by a fever, which in a few days carried him to his grave. We were now left orphans in a world of which we as yet knew nothing; strangers alike to the cold unkindness and to the genuine benevolence, that have in turn chilled our hearts or cheered our wandering steps in foreign lands. I was too young to undertake the management of a farm; and as my father, since our heavy loss, had only rented a few acres of land, it was soon arranged that we should quit our home.

In our sorrow we had repaired to Pietro for sympathy and counsel: to him I revealed the longing of my heart; and, entering at once into my views, he offered to give me, as my stock in trade, my playmate Jacopo, the monkey. I was unwilling to deprive him of his old favorite; but he said that Nanina should live with him during my absence, and thus his gain would be greater than mine. Poor Nanina heard my proposal with dismay: she could not imagine a life in which I should have no share, and at first she opposed herself vehemently to my leaving her. With tears and sobs she implored me to take her with me; but to this Pietro opposed so many arguments, that at last she seemed to yield assent. She now busied herself in preparing my little wardrobe, which was carefully tied up in a handkerchief, and fastened to my back. Jacopo was gayly dressed in a new suit of scarlet cloth, and Nanina had attached to his collar a blue ribbon which she took from her own slender waist. Putting this into my hand, she kissed me passionately, and, leading me to the door, said, "Carlo, you will see me in your dreams." I did not then heed her words, but had afterwards good cause to remember them; I then wondered at her calmness, and thought she could

not love me as I loved her; for my own heart was torn with anguish at leaving her, while she seemed cheerful, and parted from me with a smile.

With a heavy heart I ascended the hill from which I was to take the last view of my native village. When I reached its summit I sat down on the grass, and for the first time in my life felt the misery of utter loneliness. I strove to recall the delight with which I had dreamed of setting out on this journey, but in vain. Nanina's image rose before my mind; and, covering my face with my hands, I burst into tears. I soon however remembered, that although I should no longer be near to love and guard her, God and the Virgin would still protect my sister; and to their care I now solemnly committed her. I felt that, though I should no longer walk forth with her to see the rising sun gild our beloved mountains, or watch the moon shedding her soft light over the scenes endeared to us by memory, yet wherever I wandered, the same sun and the same moon would shine on me that shone on Nanina; and in this thought I found much consolation. Then, gaining hope from the future, my heart leaped with joy to think of the time when I should again return to Campiano, and pour the riches gathered in my travels at Nanina's feet

Thoughts such as these gave wings to my feet, and I ran briskly down the hill that led to Vizerano. There I was to spend my first lonely night. I was unused to beg, and it was with a timid step that I approached a small but well-stocked farm-house that lay in my road. I did not ask for food: Pietro had carefully stored my little wallet with what would last me several days: I only begged to be allowed to shelter my weary limbs in the barn. My request was kindly granted; and, after sharing a morsel of bread with Jacopo, and taking a draught of milk which the good woman gave me, I lay down on a bundle of straw, with my monkey nestling close to me, and fell asleep thinking of Nanina. Early in the morning, a faint streak of light falling on my face aroused me—was I awake, or was it only a dream?—beside me sat a figure, so beautiful, that for a moment I took it for the good angel who is said to watch over the slumbers of young children; yet it had the form and face of my sister. I started up, and, rubbing my eyes to assure myself that it was no dream, I found myself clasped in Nanina's arms. "Oh! Carlo," she exclaimed, "did you think that I could live without you? You must not send me back, for I should die, away from you. Let me go where you go: I will

never vex you, if you will only let me follow you." With these words she clung to me with an energy it was in vain to resist; and, as I returned her embrace, I felt that death alone should ever again separate us.

As we journeyed on, Nanina told me how she had stolen away when Pietro thought she was in bed, and creeping softly down, had set off in the twilight. She had heard Pietro describe the house at which I was to sleep, and reaching it in the early dawn, she entered the barn, and taking her station beside me, had patiently watched for my awakening. We spoke of our dear Pietro, and grieved for his loneliness, thus left without Jacopo or Nanina, but we soon forgot this sorrow in our joy of being together, and proceeded on our way, until after some hours we came within sight of a large town.

We now began our trade, and soon a crowd of boys gathered round us, attracted by Jacopo's gambols. Nanina, amused by the laughter and delight of the children, excited him to show off all his tricks; and when at last putting her hat into his paw, he ran round the circle, bowing and grimacing to each individual, and soliciting charity in his own facetious way, it was returned with more money in it than we had ever before possessed, and we pursued our journey

in good spirits. Pietro had desired me not to sleep in any town, cautioning me that my funds would soon melt away if I trusted to the hospitality of cities; we therefore journeyed on from place to place, meeting with various fortune, but on the whole with kindness and liberality. Whenever, weary, hungry, and foot-sore, we were refused the shelter we solicited, we comforted each other with the thought of London, recounted the wonders we had heard, and creeping close to each other, fell asleep under a hedge, dreaming of rich, beautiful England.

Our way lay through France; and the kind-hearted peasantry, who were then busied in the vintage, often invited us to join their noon-day meal. It was a lovely autumn, and as yet we had experienced no severe weather; an occasional storm drove us to seek shelter beneath some shed, or wide spreading tree, but we were too well inured to a mountain life to fear what rain or wind could do to us. At length we reached Boulogne, and by this time our little stock of money enabled us boldly to take our passage in a vessel that was sailing for London. Poor Nanina was terrified when she saw the steamboat, and was told that in it she would sail away on to the wide sea. I comforted her as best I could, hiding my own fears that I might

not add to hers. We had a fine passage, and about noon entered the Thames. The sight of the numberless vessels that crowded the noble river filled us with astonishment, and Nanina's exclamations of natural and unfeigned delight interested many of the passengers for us. One young lady came to us, and sitting down by Nanina began to speak to her; but, alas! not one word could we understand; we could only shake our heads in reply, when much to our surprise she addressed us in our own beloved language, asking where we came from, and what we were going to do. Nanina simply replied, that we were come from Campiano to London, to make our fortune; at which the young lady smiled. We told her that we were going to see a friend of our father's, who lived in London, and who would, we were sure, take care of us. She looked at us sorrowfully, and stroking back Nanina's raven locks said, "poor children!" (poveretti,) and then turning to a gentleman spoke to him in English. I am sure she asked him to be kind to us, for when the vessel stopped at the great Custom House in London, the lady bade us keep close, and follow them on shore. What we should have done but for their care, God only knows. We were so pushed and jostled by the crowds of people

who were hurrying to land, that Nanina began to cry; but the kind gentleman lifting her in his arms carried her safely to shore, and placed her on a large trunk beside his daughter, then calling a little carriage he put us into it with Jacopo, and, paying the driver his fare, told him to take us to the place where we hoped to find our friend.

It was now dark; the lamps were lighted, and as we drove rapidly along the streets, our surprise was excited by the brilliant gas-lights, and Nanina continually exclaimed, "See! Carlo, see! how beautiful; another, and another! and the fine shops, and crowds of people; London is, indeed, beautiful!" Still we drove on; there seemed no end of streets and houses; my brain whirled, and I scarcely knew whether I were waking or dreaming. At last we turned into a narrow lane, and soon our driver checked his horse, and I heard him say something I did not understand, but I knew by his mentioning the name of Manelli that we must be near our destination; he drove on a few steps, and then opening the door signed to us to alight. Taking Nanina's hand, with Jacopo seated on my shoulder, I followed a boy who led the way through a dark passage to a house, at the door of which he knocked and then left us; it opened as by magic, and

a loud voice called to us from the top of the stairs in no very gentle tones. I was afraid we had been wrongly directed, and Nanina, terrified at our strange situation, the darkness and the harsh sounds of the English tongue, followed me up the steep stairs, clinging tightly to my arm. At the head of the stairs we found a woman with a candle in her hand; she spoke roughly to us, and I suppose asked what we wanted. I blushed and stammered, and drawing from my pocket a letter which had lain carefully concealed there since I left Campiano, I gave it to her, saying, "Il Signor Manelli e in casa?" She grumbled out some angry words, but a voice from the interior of the room replied, "Si, si, entrate: son qui, cosa volete?" These words, uttered in our own sweet language, reassured me, and we entered. Manelli was seated at his table, employed by the light of a powerful lamp, in constructing something, which I afterwards found was a barometer; he seemed a man about forty years of age, and the kind expression of his countenance encouraged me to speak to him. I related my simple tale, and asked if he remembered Pietro Dossi, who had given me the letter for him. At the mention of his name Manelli's face brightened; "Remember him," said he, "yes, truly, we were dearer

to each other than brothers.” He then kissed Nanina, and bade us hearty welcome to his home. I saw, however, that our arrival was by no means so agreeable to the woman who had shown us to the room, and soon an angry contest ensued between her and Manelli upon the subject. It ended by our being provided with supper, and told to lie down on some straw in a corner of the room, where, tired and exhausted, we soon fell asleep. In the morning Manelli took me aside, and told me that the woman I saw was his wife; that she was an Englishwoman, and could speak but little Italian; that she was really good and kind-hearted, but had a strange way of showing it, and that unless Nanina and I could resolve to be obedient to her, and do all she asked, we must make up our minds to bear many a scolding. He added that he was too poor to maintain us in idleness, and proposed that I should go out into the streets with my monkey and see what I could earn, while Nanina remained at home to help his wife. I did not like the plan, I was afraid that Madame (as we were bid to call her) would be harsh to Nanina; but as Manelli spoke kindly, and as if he desired really to help us, I acceded to his wish, and sallied forth, begging Madame to take care of my little sister, and promising to bring back what I earned,

to pay for our supper; she gave me a crust of bread to eat when I was hungry, and desired me to be careful of my money.

My first day's ramble produced but little; I was bewildered by the novel sights and sounds that met me at every step, and wandered on from street to street, forgetful of the object of my expedition, until tired of walking, I sat down on a door-step to eat my bread. I then remembered, that, if I took nothing home with me, Nanina and I were to have no supper; and seeing that Jacopo's attempts to snatch the food from my mouth faster than I could put it in, had already collected a little crowd around me, I excited him to more and more antics; each new trick elicited fresh bursts of merriment from the bystanders, and when I held my hat and said, as Madame had taught me, "Give a penny to poor Italian boy," many were dropped into it. Elated by my success, I now tried to retrace my steps, anxious to show my gains, and feeling richer than I had ever been before, for amongst the pence I found a silver coin, which seemed to me a fortune in itself; this I intended to give Nanina: but when I reached our miserable lodging, the landlady seized upon me, insisted on my showing her all my money, and grumbling that it was no more, told

me we could have little supper that night. I was indignant at this treatment, but a look from Manelli checked the angry words which were ready to burst from my lips. Nanina was silent, and I thought I saw traces of tears in her eyes, but did not venture to ask their cause, for I had begun to tremble before Madame. As we fell asleep, Nanina whispered softly, "Carlo, do not leave me; I will go with you." The next day I proposed that she should accompany me, but this Madame vehemently opposed, threatening to turn us both out of doors if I dared again to speak of such a plan, and adding, that I had better take care to bring home more money, as she could not keep us for nothing. Days and weeks passed on, during which our life continued much what I have described it; Madame was kind or cross in proportion to the money I brought home, and I gradually became more and more afraid of her. I could not help sometimes asking myself where was all the kind-heartedness which Manelli had told us we should find in Madame, and I often wondered why he, who really loved us, did not interfere in our behalf; but I found out afterwards, that he stood in as much awe of his wife as I did.

After some months I began to feel that, with all my

labor, I had not laid by a single shilling towards the object that was ever present to my thoughts. I dared not ask to be allowed to do so, but the thought made me miserable. I saw, too, that Nanina was changed; the brightness of her eyes was dimmed, the elastic step was gone, and, what was worst of all, her merry laugh was hushed; she was pale and languid, and I thought she drooped like a flower shut out from light and air. She had ceased to ask to accompany me, but often when I left her, I saw the tears spring to her eyes; she never complained, but I knew she was unhappy, and I determined that we would leave Manelli's house, and try our fortunes in the world alone once more. My resolution was strengthened by a circumstance which awakened me more fully to the real state of affairs.

Returning earlier than usual one afternoon, I heard in ascending the stairs the screams of a child; as I listened my heart stood still; could it be Nanina, my darling Nanina? Again the sound struck on my ear. It *was* her voice! and amidst cries of pain I heard her say, "Let me go, let me go, indeed I did not tell him; I will never let Carlo know how you beat me, only let me go now, I will do all you bid me." Furious, and not knowing what I did, I rushed into the room, flew upon Madame, who was raising her

hand to strike the child, aimed a blow at her head, which stunned her for a moment, and quickly seizing Nanina I hurried down stairs, and ran along the streets, until feeling safe from pursuit, I sat down, and placing my sister beside me, comforted and pacified her alarm, promising never to allow her to return to Madame. She then told me how often she had been beaten, and that Madame had always threatened to make me go without supper if she ever told me how she was ill-treated. Thus the intrepid little creature had patiently endured all, rather than that I should lose a meal. "I could not let you starve, Carlo, mio," she said, "you who worked so hard for me." How could I help loving this sister? how ever reward her for such devotion?

The evening had now closed in; a keen wind was blowing from the north, and to us, with our Italian temperament, the suffering occasioned by the cold was extreme. Hitherto we had known nothing of personal hardship, we had been sheltered in a warm room, had slept on dry straw, and though our food had been grudgingly given and often in scanty portions, yet we had never known what actual hunger was; now, we were houseless, supperless, friendless, but not hopeless; we were free, and in this lay a happiness

that we could neither define nor comprehend. I took Nanina's hands in mine, chafed them, and wrapping her in my coat drew her close to me, and crept under the slight shelter afforded by the doorway of a shop. Here, with Jacopo crouched beside her, she fell asleep, and I was happier when thus watching beside her, than I had been since we entered London; I was once more her protector, and I would not have exchanged my bleak and lonely post for the softest bed in London. I did not sleep, for my mind was busily revolving plans for the future; remembering Pietro's advice, I determined to quit London with the early dawn; I thought that in the country we might find kind people, who would give us food and perhaps money. Having thus resolved, I waited patiently until the morning began to break, when, awakening Nanina, I told her my intention; she eagerly caught at the idea, for a vague fear of remaining near Madame still occupied her mind. The streets were already alive with carts and foot passengers, and we walked on through long interminable streets; Nanina, who had rarely left the one room we had inhabited, was equally amazed and delighted. The shops were opened one by one, and she gazed in at the large windows, on all the beautiful things

displayed, with childish curiosity. I had, fortunately, about a shilling in my pocket, the proceeds of the previous day's campaign, and with part of this I bought two rolls and a cup of warm coffee from a man at the corner of the street. Jacopo came in for his share, and thus refreshed we resumed our walk. In about an hour's time, the long rows of tall houses gave place to detached villas with gardens before them, and by-and-by these became less frequent, and then ceased entirely.

We were once more in the country; our spirits revived under its influence, and we involuntarily quickened our pace. Hitherto we had kept along the high road, but I now deemed it advisable to quit the beaten track, and we turned into a little lane which seemed to lead towards a village at some distance. We wandered on more and more slowly, for we had come many miles, and evening was now drawing near. We soon approached a large farm, whose well-filled court-yard and homestead bespoke true English comfort; before the house was a pretty little garden, where a few bright crocuses and snow-drops already peeped above the ground, and in a little porch sat a fat and rosy farmer's wife, beside whom a little girl, about Nanina's age, was playing. Attracted by the sight of

the child, Nanina, who had run on before me, stopped at the wicker-gate and called me to come quickly to see "la bella fanciullina." I feared to offend the good woman, and chid Nanina for her rudeness, but Jacopo, who had leaped upon the gate, began to play off his antics, and so charmed the little girl, that she screamed with delight, and clapping her hands, began to talk to us. We had learned a few English words, and quickly made acquaintance with her. We were invited with Jacopo to enter the court-yard, and soon a number of the servants, with the master and mistress themselves, were gathered round us. When the monkey had played off all his tricks, the goodman turned to us, and asked us whither we were going, and where we intended to pass the night. Finding that we did not know, he invited us to go in with them, and share their supper. After eating a hearty supper, I ventured to ask, as a further boon, that we might be allowed to sleep in the barn; this was readily granted, and a promise of breakfast before we started the next day, sent us to bed with happy, grateful hearts. It had been a prosperous beginning to our travels, and we set forth on the following morning with renewed hope.

I cannot tell of all our adventures. At times we

met with rough unkindness; at some houses the dog was set upon us, and often we were compelled to lie down under the hedges and shelter ourselves from the biting blast, as best we could; at other times we were treated kindly, and many were the acts of generosity we met with even amongst the poorest classes. Spring came at last, and summer brought us comparative comfort. Our little purse grew heavier and heavier, for we never willingly drew from its store, but contented ourselves with the food that was given us in charity; and when this failed we frequently suffered actual hunger, rather than take from our treasure. Alas! alas! I did not know that by this course, I was laying the foundation of a future misery which I would have given every farthing of that hoarded money, nay, every drop of my heart's blood, to have averted. My mind recalls but little of the time that followed;—the events of that summer and autumn rest dimly in my memory; my thoughts revert to one period marked by such sorrow as I had never before known; all other things seem trivial, and I hasten on to the following winter.

The season was unusually severe even for England, and our sufferings were intense; whilst I tried, and often, as I thought, successfully, to shield Nanina from

the keen frosty air, I saw not, I knew not, the canker that was secretly undermining her constitution. I did not even guess that such things were, or that death could touch that lovely creature. I saw that she grew less able to walk; I heard her cough through those long weary nights; I felt her hot burning hands, and wiped from her fair forehead the moisture that gathered there; yet still I dreamed not she must die. Nanina, my beloved! how gladly would I then have died for you! Yet no; the gentle, timid girl, rests in her quiet grave, safe from the blasts of chilling wind, free from all care; and I was even then content to live alone, since she was spared all further sorrow.

One afternoon, soon after Christmas-day, Nanina, who had never before complained, sat down on a stone, by the roadside, and told me she could go no further; her sunken cheeks were bright with a hectic bloom; her eyes shone with unnatural lustre, and unused as I was to illness, I thought she did but jest. I took her hand, and begging her not to give up so soon, pointed to a house at a little distance, to which we were directing our steps. She rose and tottered on, leaning more and more heavily on my arm, until with a faint sigh she fell on the ground. "Carlo," she said, "I cannot move; let me lie here

and rest; by-and-by I will try again. Oh, let me rest!" I was now alarmed, and covering her with my coat, I ran on to the large house I had pointed out to her. Emboldened by my terror for Nanina I knocked at the door, and the lady of the house fortunately passed through the hall at that moment, and hearing the earnest tones of my voice came forward; my tale was soon told; she instantly offered to go with me to Nanina, and giving orders to the servants to attend us, we hastened to the spot where my dear sister lay. She was quickly carried to the house, and there my poor fading flower was tended with a kindness that God will, I trust, reward. My prayers are all I have to give in return for it; but surely they are heard in Heaven, when offered so fervently as mine are, night and morning, for our benefactress. Nanina never rose from the bed on which they laid her. Beautiful as an angel, she won all hearts by her sweetness and patience. All, but myself, saw that her hours were numbered. I alone watched and hoped with confidence to see the fever leave her: daily she failed; but pain had left her. She called me to her one morning, and said, "Carlo, I wonder what death is. Sometimes I think, as I lie awake in the night, that

perhaps I am dying." I looked at her; and the truth thus simply put before me, flashed upon my mind with a conviction that its dread fulfilment was at hand. I covered my face, and sobbed convulsively. She went on: "Carlo, you must not cry: it is not hard to die; it is no pain like that I had before I came to bed; all is so quiet, it is so sweet to look thus into your face; I shall not leave you long, and you will spare me to go to our mother and the Virgin, and I shall pray for you, Carlo, and still be with you, and you will come to me in Heaven; now stoop down close to me, and let me feel your face, for it is getting dark, and I cannot see it. Carlo, dearest Carlo, I am so happy! now let me sleep." She lay with my hand clasped in hers, and I watched beside her, thinking that she slept; for hours I sat, until startled by the change in her countenance, and the cold rigidity of her hands, I tried to waken her. Nanina was not there, — her spirit had fled, and before me lay the cold remains of the most lovely of God's creatures!

I do not know what followed; all is darkness; I can recall no event; days, weeks passed on unheeded by me; I sat in the small churchyard beside that grassy mound, with poor Jacopo by my side, dead to all consciousness of things beyond. At length she who

had given shelter to my beloved Nanina's last hours, called me to her room; she told me that she felt for my sorrow, and did not blame it, but that the time was come when I must rouse myself; that I could not live in idleness, for God had given me strength and understanding, and I must use them; she added, that to grieve for the dead with such absorbing sorrow was selfish; that God who had taken Nanina to Himself, required me to show my love for Him, by not indulging in useless grief, and thus murmuring at His decrees; that I must strive to live, so that when Death came to me, I might be worthy to go, where that pure and gentle spirit had already gone before me. I was not insensible to her words; I felt their truth, and resolved to rouse myself. My kind patroness had already laid a plan for my future life. I know not how it was that such an interest had been awakened in her heart; surely it was for Nanina's sake; I was her brother, and as such became the object of so much kindness.

Mrs. Morton had friends in London whom she interested for me, and by their means I was admitted into one of the many schools in which instruction is liberally and gratuitously given to the poor; here I lived a year, and then having by the bounty of Mrs.

Morton been apprenticed to a barometer-maker, I learned this trade thoroughly, and by pursuing it steadily for a few years, became possessed of a sum beyond my early dreams of wealth. Amidst all my trials, I had never lost sight of the object for which Nanina and I had toiled and suffered; my heart turned more and more to my native country, and when at last I revealed to Mrs. Morton my strong desire to return to Campiano, she met it with her usual kindness; encouraged me to put my plan in execution, and added to my store so generously, that I was placed beyond the reach of poverty.

Before I set off on my return to Italy, I visited Nanina's grave, and prayed that her spirit might accompany me on my homeward journey, and share in that return; thus cheered by the consciousness of her presence with me, I might be less oppressed by the loneliness of that journey which we had so often in fancy performed together. I revisited many of the places in France which I had seen with Nanina, and arrived at length at Campiano. Pietro Dossi was still alive, and I felt that, in my reunion with him, something was left me to live for; I bought a small farm, and taking the old man to my home, I had the

comfort of rendering his last days happy. This source of interest had roused me from the melancholy which had settled on my soul, and when Pietro urged me to marry, I listened at first impatiently, then by degrees with interest, and finally, as the idea took a more definite form by my increasing admiration for Maria Donelli, an old playfellow and friend of Nanina's childhood, I yielded an unhesitating assent to his wishes, and took my bride home in time to aid me in fulfilling the last duties to our good old friend.

Years have rolled on; around my hearth are many little beings, in whose childish joys my youth is renewed; amongst them is one, dearer to me in my secret heart than all beside — another Nanina; in her lovely features and infantine grace I see my sister live again. Maria, my gentle wife, is sitting beside me as I write, wondering at the deep emotions that have been roused as I have recalled my past life: she loves me, and I am blest in her affection.

At the request of my kind friend and benefactress, I have written this sketch of my life. She says that from my tale many may learn to regard the poor Italian boys who travel through the world, without

home and without friends, with more consideration, and cheer them in their lonely wanderings by a kind word or act: such are like the dew that falls on the thirsty earth to blossom like the rose.



THE BLESSING.

BY H. H.

DARK is the sky with thunder-clouds,
While breathes that aged one
His fervent gratitude to Heaven
Amid the mountains lone,
For the mercy of the present hour,
And for the mercies shown
To him and his continually,
In the seasons that are gone.

His little grandson calmly views
The tempest gathering round ;
For though the words cannot be heard,
Yet, in their whisper'd sound,
The boy a heartfelt safety finds ;
And it seems holy ground
To his young eye, where they two sit
On the gray rocky mound.

Not oft in crowded scenes of life,
When the richest feasts are spread,
Does such accepted prayer arise
As o'er the peasant's bread,
Who at the close of every day,
Rests a toil-wearied head,
Soothed by a hope that Heaven remains,
When mortal life is fled.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUE LOVE.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

IN the deep bay-window of the library of Oldcourt sat two girls absorbed in honest discourse; the varying expression of their faces, as the conversation proceeded, showed that the subject which occupied them was one of strong and peculiar interest to both. They were beautiful, but their beauty differed as the hues of Spring and Autumn. The youngest was graceful as Hebe herself; her bright hazel eyes sparkled with gayety or melted into tenderness; now quick as lightning flashed from beneath their long silken lashes, and then overflowed with tears, as some softer emotion touched her heart; her rich auburn hair fell in wild beauty over her snowy neck, and her form, slender as a sylph's, was replete with grace; — formed to love and to be loved, she seemed too bright and joyous a creature to face the cares and troubles of this world. The countenance of the other, on the contrary, was

remarkable for its calm serenity ; her fair high forehead bespoke a powerful intellect, and the pensive expression of her clear gray eyes, while it spoke of past suffering, told of present peace, and far from marring the perfect beauty of her face, gave it a character so pure, so heavenly, that unconsciously a reverence mingled with the love which she inspired.

“Margaret,” said the younger girl, “I wish you were as happy as I am ; surely you cannot love my brother as I love Alfred, or you would not to-night look so serious.”

“If it is a proof of love to be always merry,” said Margaret, with a smile, “then, indeed, must I plead guilty to your charge.”

“No, Margaret, I do not mean exactly that ; but love seems to me so absorbing a feeling, that it should drive all care, all clouds, away. I should think it high treason to my love for Alfred,” she added, with a blush, “to be sad to-night.”

“I am not sad, Emily ; thoughtful I cannot but be on the eve of such a day.”

A shade of disappointment crossed Emily’s face, as she exclaimed, “Oh, Margaret ! I thought that you loved Edward with your whole heart.”

“Do you doubt it ? Do you not know that I

have loved your brother for years, and that to-morrow I am to become his wife? Could I marry him unless I loved him?"

"No, dearest! I could never doubt you, who are the soul of truth and goodness; but your present feelings are so strangely different from my own. To-morrow I too, shall become a wife; but the thought which brings only rapture to me, makes you grave and full of care."

"I am older than you, my dear Emily, and, therefore, less sanguine. I have, however, no fears for the future that interfere with my present peace of mind; in Edward's noble character, sweet temper, and firm religious principles, I shall find a secure anchorage for my happiness. I love him, and trust him implicitly; and yet I cannot take this important step without some anxiety. When I think how high Edward's standard is, and that he has chosen me to be the friend and companion of his life, I tremble lest I may fail him."

"Fail him! Oh, Margaret! can you believe it possible that your love should ever change?"

"No! not while life and reason last; but there must be a higher, sterner principle than even love itself, to guide us safely through the dangers of this

life. Impulse is at best an uncertain pilot; and love, without reason, often leads to misery.”

“Love — such love as I feel for Alfred — can never mislead. I love him better than myself, better than the whole world beside; to live for him, to die for him, is all I ask. With him every joy will be doubled; nay, pain and care themselves will lose their bitterness when endured for him. Such love as this fills the heart, to the exclusion of every doubt, of every fear.”

Tears rolled down Margaret's cheeks as she gazed on the enthusiastic girl; for she knew that time must dispel her dream, as care and trouble are the portion of all, and sorrow too often visits us through the beings we love best. Drawing the fair girl close to her, she imprinted a long and fervent kiss upon her brow, and whispered a prayer that it might be long ere the brightness of that spirit should be dimmed by sorrow.

The following morning dawned in perfect beauty; the sunshine streaming through the deep-set windows awakened all to the business of the day. Oldcourt had never before witnessed such a scene — the whole neighborhood was astir at early dawn; trains of villagers flocked from all parts, eager to be present at the important ceremony, and to join their voices to the prayers and blessings that were showered on the

young people whose weddings were that day to be celebrated.

The noble domain of Oldecourt, and the large estates thereto belonging, had for many centuries been in the possession of one family, who had transmitted their rich acres, together with a fair unsullied name, from generation to generation. Simple and unostentatious in their habits, upright and liberal in their dealings, the Mortons were respected by their aristocratic neighbors, revered by their equals, and idolized by their tenantry and dependants. Marmaduke Morton, the present head of the family, was a fine specimen of an English country gentleman; his noble countenance and demeanor bespoke that independence of character which is found peculiarly amongst the class to which he belonged; and while his courteous manners won the love of all, no one had ever dared to take a liberty with him, or infringe the bounds of intimacy he prescribed. He had two children; a son, in whom his hopes centered; and a daughter, whose gay, volatile nature, while it shed sunshine through the house, yet caused her parents many an anxious hour. Emily had been from infancy the petted darling of the family; her sparkling vivacity, graceful figure, and beaming countenance, rendered her so fascinating,

that her faults were unheeded; she took the heart by storm, and if reason would at times have whispered blame, she disarmed it by an ingenuous confession of her folly, or by the playfulness with which she parried all attempts at remonstrance. Her brother Edward was the idol of her heart; thoughtless and giddy as she was, she had sense to perceive, and a heart to feel, the beauty of his character. Edward was worthy her affection; trained under the careful eye of his parents, his education had been eminently calculated to fit him for his future position, as one of the wealthy landholders of England. His father had early taught him to regard wealth as one of "the talents" committed to man by God himself. He pointed out to him the duties and responsibilities which the possession of such an inheritance as his involved; taught him to respect the rights of all his fellow-men; and while he inculcated virtue by good and noble precepts, by his own example, more potent far, he won the heart of his son to love it for itself. Edward inherited his mother's gentle nature, and to her he was indebted not only for the softer graces of his character, but for a reverence for holy things, which, imbibed in childhood, had in after years matured into deep religious feeling. Yet must we

confess that this gentleness often degenerated into indecision, and led him at times to acts unsanctioned by his better judgment.

Within a mile of Oldcourt, nestled amidst the hills, lay a beautiful old manor-house, called the Grange; a fine avenue of chestnut trees led to the house, which looked the abode of peace and happiness. The large mullion windows were twined with the most luxuriant climbing plants; the deep porch, embosomed in roses and myrtles, opened into a spacious hall, the walls of which were ornamented with antlers, whips, horns, and other implements of the chase, without any pretension or show; and there was throughout the house an air of refinement and elegance which none could mistake. Many might have called the old house dull, but none who had ever enjoyed its boundless hospitality, or breathed its atmosphere of tranquil happiness, would have uttered such treason. In this peaceful spot had dwelt for many years a family of the name of Grahame; in its happiest days five daughters and one son had gladdened the hearts of their parents; but death had been busy amongst them; four girls had followed each other in quick succession to the grave, and Margaret and her brother Alfred alone remained to cheer their aged father; their mother, a delicate fragile being, had

sunk beneath the weight of her afflictions, and now slept beside her children in the quiet churchyard. On Margaret these sorrows had fallen with peculiar severity; in her sisters she had lost the sweet companions of her childhood, and the friends of her youth; she beheld them, one by one, sinking to the grave, with calm fortitude, but the final blow given by her mother's death seemed to stun her. In the first moments of her grief, she had sunk into a state of dejection, from which nothing could rouse her; but as soon as the last rites were performed, Margaret awoke from her sorrow, and in the efforts she made for those she loved, she found a peace which the world cannot give: none knew, however, that her calm, unselfish conduct, concealed a sad and weary spirit—none knew, but one beloved friend; to him she had long confided her most secret feelings, and in his devoted love had found the sweetest consolation earth could afford. Edward Morton had loved her since they had first played together as children, and time had ripened these youthful feelings into a firm and enduring attachment. Margaret had yielded a slow consent to listen to his vows of love; sorrow had left an indelible impression on her character; she viewed life, if not gloomily, yet earnestly; to perform its

duties, to bear, and to suffer submissively, seemed all that she now looked for; it was therefore long before Edward could induce her to seek in his affection a new source of hope and comfort. "No, Edward!" she had replied to his oft-repeated entreaties, "I am not able to be to you all that a wife should be; seek not to darken your own bright future, by taking to your home so sad a heart as mine." Edward's love was too sincere, and founded on too accurate a knowledge of her excellences, to be influenced by Margaret's distrust of herself; he waited patiently, and saw with joy the veil gradually dispelled that overshadowed her noble spirit.

A circumstance soon occurred that tended to hasten their union. Mr. Grahame's pecuniary affairs had become embarrassed for a time, owing to the unexpected failure of his banker, in whose hands he had placed a large sum, preparatory to its investment in an advantageous speculation; but the retrenchments rendered necessary by this loss, were regarded as trifling evils where so much real sorrow existed. On Alfred's prospects, however, this event exercised an important influence; he had passed through college with honor, and had just returned home, uncertain what path in life to choose, when this misfortune

happened. It incited him to immediate action, and stimulated him to secure an independence by the pursuit of an honorable profession. The law was his choice; his talents were great, and the excellence of his connections promised him a shorter probation as a briefless barrister, than is the lot of most young men. Alfred Grahame was by nature sanguine and ardent, perceiving no evil until it was forced upon him in its stern reality, thinking all men true, until compelled by their acts to acknowledge them otherwise; he was the very reverse of his sister; life to him was all brightness; sorrow, though acutely felt for the time, glanced off his gay spirit, as arrows from the polished steel; to live and to enjoy were synonymous with him, but sorrow has its own blessed task to perform, and fails not, sooner or later, to find its way to all hearts. Alfred had been settled in London several years, and had risen high in his profession. His handsome person and refined manners, united to his brilliant powers of conversation and sparkling wit, rendered him a favorite wherever he went, and admitted him into the best circles. Society was his element; in the conflict of intellectual warfare, in the strife of gay repartee, in the sallies of sarcasm and wit, his soul delighted; the flattered and courted favorite of all, there was

reason to fear that he might become vain and selfish, when after an absence of many months he returned to the Grange.

The intimacy that subsisted between the Mortons and the Grahames had been rather increased than diminished by the events recorded above. Sorrow and distress had awakened all the best feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and what had been at first but a mere acquaintance between the two families, had, in adversity, ripened into a warm friendship. Alfred had spent but little time under his father's roof, since he first quitted it for school, and during the last two summers, his vacation had been spent in travelling; so that his visits to the Grange had been limited to a few days; it was not surprising, therefore, that he and Emily Morton had not met for several years; he remembered her as the petted plaything of her father's house, he found her a lovely woman, such an one as in his dreams he had pictured to himself, the heroine of his life's romance. There was so much in their characters mutually to attract, that it was matter of little surprise when it was reported that Alfred Grahame was the accepted lover of the fair Emily. Visions of a more splendid alliance for this darling child, might have visited her father's heart, but in

the unimpeachable honor of his family, and in the talents and rising fame of Alfred, he found ample compensation for the want of rank and fortune. Emily loved him with a passionate devotion that, in Alfred's eyes, heightened every charm; she exercised over him the most unbounded sway; it was her delight to make him feel and glory in the fetters she had cast around him, and to lead him a willing captive to her caprices. Alfred pleaded for a speedy union, urging his want of all domestic ties, and loneliness, when absent from his beloved Emily. Edward Morton, too, emboldened by the successful issue of Alfred's suit, pressed his own so earnestly, that Margaret consented that the same day should witness the marriage of the two brothers and sisters.

Our digression has been long but not unnecessary, since it enables us to recognize friends in the party now assembled round the altar in the village church of Oldcourt; the wedding arrangements have been made in accordance with the simple taste of the two families, the ceremony is performed in the quiet little church, in the midst of a numerous assembly of the tenantry and villagers; no procession of gay equipages, no retinue of servants, no splendors attend the

important event; all that can gratify the heart or please the fancy has been thought of, but cold formality finds no place on such a day; the ceremony is regarded by all parties as a solemn religious rite, not to be profaned by any worldly pomp. The church stands in the park; the path which conducts to it winds through beds of sweet flowers and wild tangled shrubberies, until it enters the open park, where, overshadowed by ancient oaks and other forest trees, beneath which herds of deer graze unmolested, it terminates in an avenue of lime trees which conducts to the little gate of the churchyard; the picturesque tower of the church, partially covered with ivy, forms a pretty object at the end of this vista. Along this path the villagers have ranged themselves, to see their beloved benefactors pass; the ground is strewn with flowers, and many a murmured blessing breaks the silence of the scene. The ceremony is ended, the irrevocable vows are uttered, and in the hearts of all there reigns a deep and holy joy, that shines forth on the countenances though the tongue utters no sound. And now the procession is seen quitting the church, dispensing with the carriages as needless appendages; the party is returning, and, as they proceed, the villagers fall into their train, forming

a long line, until they reach the house, on the lawn in front of which tables are spread, and with true English hospitality all are invited to partake of the feast. The family retire to the repast prepared for them, and soon the sound of rattling wheels announces the departure of the young people; a departure undimmed by aught of sorrow, for in such unions there is cause alone for thankful joy even in the hearts of those who are left behind.

Three months have passed away. Let us peep into a pleasant drawing-room looking into Hyde Park; beside the open window Alfred is ensconced in a lounging chair; at his feet, on a pile of cushions, her arms resting on his knee, and with eyes gazing up to him with unutterable love, Emily is kneeling; lovelier than ever, radiant with happiness, she looks more like an angel than a mortal: at least so Alfred seems to think, for, parting the luxuriant ringlets on her fair brow, he suddenly exclaims —

“Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.”

“Love me not, Alfred? The thought has madness in it;” and tears filled her eyes.

“Foolish child,” said he, kissing her fervently, “I did but speak that which is impossible; the world were in truth, a chaos without thee, my heart’s joy!”

“Yet, Alfred, she to whom those words were addressed, found cause to rue the day that she had listened to the voice that uttered them: ‘men are deceivers ever,’ — so runs the old song.”

“Men may deceive, but never where they love.”

“And thou dost love me,” said she, with an arch smile, “to have and to hold, for better, for worse, love, and honor, and cherish — those were the words, Alfred — till death do us part?”

“Ay, Emily, till death do us part! Now let us go into the Park: the air is cooler, and a saunter beneath the trees will refresh us.”

“Trees, said Emily, contemptuously, where shall we find them? Heigho! for the green sward and the old oaks of dear Oldcourt! London is suffocating in this hot weather.”

“London versus Oldcourt, with me,” said Alfred, gayly.

“Oh! a desert or a dungeon were Heaven with thee, beloved as thou art,” said Emily, twining her arms round him in sportive fondness; “so come into the Park, and I will swear the grass is greener,

the trees finer, the air purer than in any other spot."

* * * * *

And what were Edward and Margaret doing? They had agreed to take up their residence at the Grange; Margaret could not resolve to leave her father, nor would they either of them consent to the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, that they should take possession of Oldcourt, while they sought a home more suited to their present wants and wishes, near their children;—to supplant his father there, to deprive him of any part of his estates, one day sooner than death would compel him to do, was an idea not to be harbored for a moment. The Grange was so near Oldcourt, that in fixing their residence there, Edward would still be able to help and advise with his father, while at the same time he left Margaret to comfort the declining days of her remaining parent. The evening was closing in, and Margaret was sitting beside her father's chair, having read him to sleep as usual; she remained absorbed in thought; her sweet face had lost much of its pensive expression, and a feeling of deep calm happiness seemed to pervade her whole being. There were eyes resting upon her, as she thus sate, that told volumes in the intensity

of their gaze ; she raised her head and met them ; a bright gleam stole over her countenance as she said, "Ah, Edward ! are you there ?"

"Yes, Margaret, I have been sunning myself in your quiet happiness ; dearest, may I not believe my prophecy already fulfilled ? Joy and peace have again taken up their abode in your breast, and I — I am the happy cause."

"Yes, Edward, day by day brings me fresh sources of contentment ; could I dare to be sad, while you are beside me ? Can I witness your goodness to all around you, your active beneficence, and not desire to be like you ? I believed that my heart was with the dead, but you have taught me that for every being there is a sphere of usefulness and duty. You have roused me to a sense of new responsibilities, and in accepting them, I find new life, new joy springing in my heart, all this I owe to you, dear Edward !"

"And what do I not owe to you ? You are my counsellor, my better self, my resource in all difficulties."

"May it ever be thus ; thus mutually dependant, may we never fail each other. Will you walk to Oldecourt ? I have sadly neglected my school of late,

and want to speak to Mrs. Bond about some work; will you come?"

Ours can be but glimpses into the lives of those whose history we attempt to sketch. Again we visit Emily's home. Is all there as bright as when last we saw her kneeling beside her husband? Alas, it is not so! A demon has insensibly crept into the charmed circle, and is despoiling its beauty.

"Emily, why will you not go with me to Lady Bilton's this evening?" said Alfred, laying down his book; "you know how I like to have you with me, how I delight to see you admired, as you are wherever you go."

"I am tired, I cannot go," was the only reply.

"Nay, darling, if I ask you to oblige me you will go; time was," he added, incautiously, "that you thought only of pleasing me, nothing that I could wish seemed irksome to you, but now," — and he sighed.

"Alfred," she said, fixing her keen eye on him; "time was when I was all *you* needed, all you desired; when my love sufficed you, and in my society you found all that made existence sweet, but now, — and she paused with an abruptness that betrayed a jealous, wounded spirit.

“Now, you would say, I need other excitement.”

“No, Alfred, now I would say you love me no longer!” and she buried her face in the cushion of the couch on which she was reclining.

“Emily,” he exclaimed; “I love you, passionately love you; I would sacrifice life, and all I value most, to secure your happiness; but I fail in every thing; you deny me the pleasure of feeling that I succeed, in this, the first desire of my heart. I see you restless, and often, forgive the word, wilful. Love accepts no enforced sacrifices, and I shall not ask you to oblige me, if my requests are always to be met in this spirit;” so saying, he quitted the room, and quickly returned, dressed for the evening.

“Oh! Alfred, you are not going without me,” she said, peevishly, raising herself on the sofa; “how cruel you are!”

“No, Emily, I am not cruel; but if you choose your part, I must take mine; I can no longer exclude myself from the society of my friends, as I have hitherto done, in accordance with your wishes; neither will I force you unwillingly into society.” He bent down, kissed her, and went away.

“Poor Emily! it was the first time Alfred had shown a determination to follow his own judgment

rather than her caprices; hitherto she had led him whither she would, but the time was come when the force of habit had begun to make itself felt; he had lived too much in excitement, and Emily's power to fascinate him was already failing. Had she known that neither wit nor talent, beauty nor grace, can avail a wife in the attempt to rivet the chains which she has thrown round her lover, she might still have preserved his love and their mutual happiness; but alas, for her! a creature of impulse, she knew not that her love, to be the pure ennobling principle of life, must be founded on self-conquest; that self must be subdued, and the tyrant temper overcome, ere it can rule with its best and holiest sway; that love, to its perfect work, must be first gentle and patient, then firm and courageous, holding as its highest aim, the well-being of its object; indifferent to all that interferes with this, and ready, at every call, to sacrifice itself to ensure the happiness of the one beloved. Such was not Emily's love; she would have died to save Alfred one pang; she lived but in his presence, drooping in his absence like a flower deprived of sunshine and air; she idolized him, worshipped the ground he walked upon, but she could not yield to him one

single caprice, or for his sake control one petulant word. Poor Emily! she now hid her burning face in the sofa cushions, and with the feeling of desertion, sobbed herself to sleep. Such scenes were now, alas! too frequent; Alfred had truly loved Emily, and would have been easily won by her to become a domestic character, had she possessed the true key to his heart and mind; but she continually wounded his self-love by reproaches, which he felt to be unjust, and resented in anger. Reconciliations took place, amidst tears and protestations of unchanged and unchanging affection; but the wounds thus inflicted are never healed; they bleed inwardly, and burst out afresh on the slightest suspicion of offence.

At the Grange, on the contrary, all was peace. Margaret's disposition to sadness had gradually given place to a cheerful, healthy tone of mind; and as she bent over the cradle of her darling child, if tears stole into her eyes, they were tears of grateful joy. One thing alone startled her at times from her tranquillity; she saw that in spite of Edward's great virtues, and strong religious feelings, he needed strength of purpose, and steadiness in the pursuit of what he knew to be right. Many would have recognized in this, only one of those faults that, leaning to virtue's side,

are too easily overlooked and pardoned; but not so did Margaret view this weakness in her husband's character; she saw the dangers to which it exposed him, and, with a wisdom that love alone could have inspired, she gently warned him against them.

"I shall not go to Embleton to-day, Margaret," he said one morning.

"Why not? I thought that you had appointed to meet Sir John Gascoigne there; your father seemed to think delay might bring further trouble on the poor Ashtons; surely you will go, dearest."

"One day can make but little difference, I think; I shall be sure to meet Gascoigne at the cricket match to-morrow; I had every intention of going this morning, but Frank Ardley is just come from Oxford, and he wants me to go to Hensley to give him my opinion of a horse he wishes to purchase."

"I am sorry it has happened so unfortunately; you know best whether in this case delay is permissible, but surely appointments on business should be kept, Edward, even at the cost of disappointing Mr. Ardley."

"Why, Margaret, Ardley is such a good-natured fellow, that I do not like to refuse him."

"I thought he was no favorite of yours, Edward;

I have often heard you blame his extravagance and dissipation."

"True, my love, I have not much dependence on his principles, but he has a kind heart, and that covers a multitude of sins. Have you any commands at Hensley? We shall be home to dinner, dearest."

Edward knew that he was wrong; and hastened to make a speedy retreat, lest Margaret's arguments might divert him from his purpose; but as he drove along, his conscience smote him: it was however too late to retract. The horse was bought, and the two acquaintances were preparing to return, when they met a friend of Ardley's who persuaded them to adjourn to the hotel, where a party of Oxonians was assembled; dinner was served, and "*it was impossible*" to refuse their urgent entreaties to remain: Edward was uneasy; he knew that Margaret would wait for them, and perhaps grow anxious; but as he had never yet learned the important art of saying "No," he yielded. It was late ere they reached the Grange at night.

Margaret had indeed watched anxiously for her husband's return; during his absence Mr. Morton had called, and he expressed the greatest surprise and indignation on learning that his son was not gone to Embleton. He entreated Margaret to urge

him on his return to lose not a moment in executing the commission he had entrusted to him, adding, "By this delay Edward has not only placed in jeopardy the welfare of an honest and respectable family, but he has caused his father, whose word has hitherto been honored by all men, to forfeit a solemn promise; let Edward look well to this matter, for Marmaduke Morton cannot brook dishonor." Hour after hour passed; dinner had been announced, but Margaret could not eat; surely he would soon return; the old turret clock struck ten, eleven, still he came not; midnight was long passed when Margaret's ears, rendered keen by intense listening, detected the sound of approaching wheels. "There he is at length!" said she, and she rose to meet him; but before she reached the outer door a gentleman presented himself, who in extreme agitation apologized for the unseasonable intrusion, and asked if Mr. Morton were at home. On Margaret's replying that he was not, but that she expected him every moment, the stranger exclaimed: "It will be too late! My poor wife!" Margaret, affected by his genuine grief, invited him into the library; he tottered to a chair, and covering his face with his hands, said, "Forgive me, madam! it is a cruel blow; my wealth I could

have parted with; I have with unshaken trust laid my children in the grave, for death is God's own messenger; but disgrace, dishonor, ruin—oh, it is too much!" and the unhappy man burst into an agony of tears.

"Calm yourself," said Margaret; "I believe I see my husband's friend, Mr. Ashton; Mr. Morton will be here ere long, and all will be right; he will do all he can to aid you."

Her kind words and kinder tones in some degree reassured Mr. Ashton, and he went on to say, "If before nine o'clock to-morrow certain sums are not forthcoming, I shall be dragged to prison; my credit, my good name will be gone, and I shall be a ruined man; of this money your excellent father-in-law offered to advance a part, if Sir John Gascoigne would guarantee the remainder; his verbal promise I held as secure as any legal deed, and failed to procure a written paper from him; this evening I found to my dismay that without such a document Sir John refused to fulfil his part of the contract; to-morrow morning is the latest moment that I can hope to keep my creditors amused by promises, and a prison will be my only portion!"

Margaret now saw at a glance all the distress that

Edward's delay had occasioned; to his care this paper had been entrusted, with the injunction that he should see Sir John and negotiate the business for Robert Ashton, who had been suddenly thrown into pecuniary embarrassments by the failure of an extensive mercantile speculation, in which he had been incautiously engaged. Edward's dismay was great, when, on his return home, an hour afterwards, he found Mr. Ashton sitting with his wife, and learned from them, that his weakness of purpose had nearly betrayed him into being the cause of his friend's ruin. He lost no time in repairing the evil; he was with Sir John by early dawn; secured his written engagement to advance the needful money, and waited on Ashton's principal creditors. On his return home, Margaret met him with tearful eyes, but she uttered no word of reproach; Edward, touched by her forbearance, pressed her to his heart. "Oh, Margaret," he exclaimed, "how unworthy I am of such a friend, such an adviser! would that I could become more like you, more firm, more true to my own heart; but weak and irresolute, I do the very things my soul abhors; guide me, strengthen me, that I may be more worthy of you."

"Nay, dearest Edward, do not speak thus," said

Margaret, leaning on his shoulder and looking on him with admiring love, "the fault, though fatal in its consequences, is in itself but trivial; and surely," she added, smiling, "by our united efforts, we shall succeed in routing a feeble enemy."

And so they did; faithful to each other in all things, faithful even in blame, did these two noble beings walk on through life, aiding and strengthening each other's virtue.

About six months after the above incident, Alfred and Emily came to Oldcourt to spend the summer months. The lovely girl had changed into the pale and listless woman, and every one who looked at her mourned over the alteration. Margaret mourned too, but it was for the moral change she detected not only in Emily, but in her brother. Emily's countenance bore the traces, even in its sweetest moments, of a settled discontent, while a fretful, restless expression marred all its former beauty. She had now two lovely little girls, but even for their sake she scarcely roused herself to exertion; even to their winning ways and exquisite grace she seemed indifferent, while to Alfred they were the source of unbounded joy and pride; he lived in them, and seemed careless of all beside. To Margaret this appeared as unnatural as it was

distressing ; she saw that Emily shrank from the delight which Alfred felt in these children, and became impatient and fretful whenever he noticed them in her presence, as if she were jealous of the love he felt for them.

One fine summer morning, Margaret having tempted her sister to stroll in the park, they found themselves in the path which led to the church, and by which, four years since, they had returned to Oldcourt, two happy brides. Margaret recalled that day to Emily's remembrance, adding, how different were her feelings as a wife to those she then experienced.

“Different, indeed !” Emily replied, with bitterness : “you were right, Margaret, to fear marriage as you did ; oh ! how cruelly have my dreams been dispelled — how mad and foolish it is to think that love can last ; it is truly our unhappy lot

——‘to make idols,
And then find them clay.’

Alfred, whom I believed so true, so kind, so devoted to me, see him now — he scarcely knows if I am present or absent. Oh, Margaret, my heart is broken : would that I could lay my head down and rest in that churchyard.”

“Dearest Emily, do not say so; you have far too many blessings to venture on such a wish;—at all times wrong, in you it is doubly so.”

“Ah! you do not know all. I look at you sometimes with wonder, and, I am afraid, with envy; you are so happy, you have found Edward all you believed him.”

“And has Alfred been false to you, that you should envy me?”

“Not false, perhaps; but he has ceased to love me, and I am wretched.”

“Alfred does not appear to me more happy than yourself, and yet you still love him.”

“Love him!—yes, it is my misery still to idolize him; I cannot leave him out of my sight—I care for no earthly thing but him.”

“But your children?”

“Oh! yes—of course I love them; but”— She stopped, and tears choked her voice.

“But what, dearest?”

“I cannot tell you—you would not understand me, and would only blame me.”

“When did I ever blame you? Surely you can trust me; I desire to see you happy, and if I think you have erred from want of experience, I will strive

to set you right, as one frail, sinful creature should alone correct another, in the spirit of true love; speak freely to me, my dear sister, let me be your friend and comforter."

Emily, unused to such kind and reasonable treatment, covered her face and burst into tears; then recovering herself, she went on to say, "If you had been always by my side, I should have been wiser and happier, but I have no hope, no comfort now; Alfred will never love me again, and the world is all dark to me."

"Are you sure he has ever left off loving you? Alfred is not one to change lightly; what has happened to make you think him less loving than formerly?"

"Cannot you see," rejoined Emily, pettishly "how indifferent and careless he is about me? he never wants me, any one's society is preferable to mine; he leaves me alone for hours, sits in his room studying, he says, while I am solitary and deserted."

"This is so unlike Alfred; are you sure you have made his home a happy one? Have you always been cheerful and considerate of his wishes, have you met him with smiles, and been willing at times to sacrifice your own inclinations to gratify his?"

“I would have given up every thing to him, Margaret, but he told me he wanted no sacrifices.”

“If you made him feel them as such, no wonder he would not accept them. Love does but half its work, if it cannot succeed in making all sacrifices appear as nothing. As wives, we must not expect to receive the same outward marks of devotion that were yielded to us before marriage; the manner of evincing affection may, nay, it must change, and yet the feeling can remain unaltered. Have you not looked for too much from Alfred, and exacted too much subservience to your wishes, while you yielded too little deference to his?”

Emily colored and hesitated, then replied: “You may be right to a certain extent; but Alfred has thrown me off, he goes his own way, seeks his own amusements, cares only for the children, and forgets my existence; he is always in society, while I do not care for it.”

“Perhaps you let him see too clearly your dislike to society, forgetting, Emily, that the habits of years’ standing may have become a second nature to him.”

“Alfred knew that I hated those stupid dinner-parties, and yet he teased me to go with him; I

only wanted *him*, while he found my company wearisome."

"Then you refused to accompany him?"

"Yes, certainly; why should I go, when I have no pleasure in such things? and he could not want me, you know," she added rather doubtfully.

"Alfred may have submitted to your caprices, Emily; but a man who loves his wife, as he loves you, likes to have her always with him; even in a crowd he is conscious of her presence, and rejoices in the admiration she excites."

"I care for no admiration but that of my husband," said Emily, coldly.

"But you may care whether you give him pleasure, or selfishly refuse to do so. Believe me, Emily, a woman not only contributes to her husband's happiness by studying his wishes, but acquires influence of the best kind—an influence, for the use of which she is responsible to God."

"Do you think, Margaret, that I could ever gain such an influence over Alfred? He looks upon me as a spoiled child, and treats me as such."

"You can gain it, dearest Emily, if you earnestly desire to do so; learn to be patient, endeavor to find out what your husband really desires; he will not

lead you astray, for he is kind and generous, and high-principled. Do not think of yourself so much; think more of him; and you will find the happiness that you have hitherto sought in vain."

"Saying this, Margaret kissed her sister, and left her to reflect on what had been said; conscious that, in spite of her waywardness, Emily had too much good sense not to perceive and act upon the truths she had heard. Faithful to her brother as to Emily, Margaret pointed out to him the rocks on which he had wrecked his own and his wife's happiness; and long before they quitted Oldcourt, she saw a better understanding established between them. Nor were her warnings forgotten on their return to London. Emily was amazed to find that Alfred sought less, than before, the excitement of society, while she was more than ever ready to be his companion in all he desired. By a slight mutual concession, these two hearts were preserved to each other, and peace and joy took the place of fretfulness and misery. Thus may it ever be! Warned in time, may the selfish learn that safety can alone be found in loving others better than ourselves; and may love become in all hearts an active principle of good, seeking not its own, but the happiness of others.

TO M. A. G.

I KNOW not what—a nameless charm
Invested all thy motions;
And, as I gazed my heart grew warm
With strange, yet sweet, emotions.

We met again;—thy gentle touch
Thrilled all my latent pulses;
But, lest my soul should hope too much,
I thought of Love's repulses.

We met again; I watched thine eye;—
It ever shunned my glances;
And I began to brood and sigh
O'er fortune's fickle chances.

Thy smiles were given to all but me;—
To all but me thy speeches;
How flatt'ring such neglect may be,
Experience only teaches!

A sickly feeling o'er me came ;
I felt my spirit dying ;
Thy gentle self I could not blame,
So blamed my fond relying.

We met again, to say farewell ;
But when I spoke of parting,
Regretful tears in silence fell,
Thy secret love imparting.

What fond emotions stirred my breast
When I beheld thy sorrow !
Then every doubt was set at rest,
And brightly dawned the morrow !

And still around thee hangs the charm
That drew my first attention ;
And still my heart as fondly warm,
In love knows no declension.

THE WITHERED ROSE.

[FROM A PASTOR'S RECOLLECTIONS.]

IT is now between thirty and forty years since I entered on my pastoral office in the quiet neighborhood where I live. When I first undertook its duties I was young and energetic; and though I feel myself to be as active as I could reasonably expect after the lapse of so many years, I begin to think myself not *quite* so young as when I first took charge of my flock. My tastes are more subdued. I no longer aspire after bold, wild scenery, but become every day more satisfied with the tranquil views which surround me; and as I look from the window of my snug parsonage, I fancy that the pleasant fields, sprinkled with their store of daisies, are fresher and greener than when first I saw them; the gurgling brook, across whose waters the willow here and there casts a shadow, seems to make sweeter music as it winds its way, than it used when first I heard it. The very sound

of the mill, which formerly disturbed me, has now such a lulling effect, that I should feel something was wanted to my repose were it to cease; and each year the steeple which out-tops the trees in which the church is embosomed, becomes a dearer object to me. How often have I seen groups on the Sabbath morning leading their way through the pleasant green lanes to the House of Prayer, called by the chimes of its bells;—on many an one of that dear flock whom I had christened, have I bestowed the nuptial benediction; and over, alas! not a few of those I held in my arms at the baptismal font, I have performed the last rites. Among all my young parishioners, there was not one that I loved more than Jessie Williams; it was not for her beauty, remarkable as it was; it was her pleasant and caressing ways and her sensitive nature which made her irresistible. She was but a few months old when I christened her, and she had already lost her father; and this dear child was now all in all to her poor mother. I have often seen her when an infant lying on the lap of the widow, whose silent tears fell as she leant over her, trying to trace in her infantine features a resemblance to him who was gone. I felt deeply interested in the early sorrows of the young

widow, and in the piety which sustained her under them. As the child grew apace, her affectionate disposition, and the manner in which she attached herself to me, made me love her so dearly, that she became almost necessary to my happiness. She was about seven years old when I was slowly recovering from a severe fit of illness, and she would steal softly to my bedside every morning with the bunch of flowers which she had collected, and with the little basket of strawberries gathered by herself, and she would feed me with them from her own tiny fingers. She was of such a warm and confiding nature, that she was the favorite among all her young companions; and it was even remarked of her that she never lost a friend except by death—her kindness was so unwavering, and her constancy so secure. No wonder that she was the comfort and the delight of her mother's days; the pride with which she looked at her was but natural, for she was indeed lovely; and years, as they sped on, stole nothing from the innocence and warmth of her heart. One of her young friends, her *own especial friend*, was to be married, and Jessie was to be bridesmaid, and the bride entreated to have her home to spend some time. Jessie longed to accept the invitation, and the

young girls in the neighborhood promised to be company for her mother during her absence; and she, glad to see her darling gratified, gave a ready permission. The bridal-party went to the town of —, and it so happened that the bridegroom's greatest friend, Captain Danvers, was quartered here. The friends were delighted to meet, and the young officer was soon domesticated in his house. He was a great acquisition to the little party, for besides being remarkably prepossessing in manners and appearance, he was skilled in the accomplishments most prized in society; and, captivated immediately by Jessie's beauty, he made himself as agreeable as possible. Ever by her side, he could look at or listen to nobody but her. He attended her to all the pleasantest walks in the neighborhood; he sung for her beautiful songs of his own composition with the most exquisite taste. Jessie was enchanted, and could have listened for ever. Week after week sped on, intimacy and confidence increasing every day. All the verses which he wrote were repeated to her, and copies given; and never were verses more expressive of deep affection and touching tenderness. Jessie's name was not mentioned in the effusions, but her heart told her for whom they were meant.

Once, indeed, the name did escape, and the betrayal produced the greatest confusion on his part as well as on hers; but in this very confusion there was so much meaning and sympathy that it was very delightful to her. Sometimes vague expressions of affection, and allusions to feelings and intentions, seemed but the prelude to an open avowal of his attachment and his wishes; to Jessie's truthful and confiding disposition, his words, his looks, and his attentions were as sure a pledge of affection as any verbal declaration. As the time for her return home drew near, he became sad and abstracted, and tears rose to Jessie's eyes when the moment of leave-taking came; and then he spoke, as he often did, of their meeting *very, very* soon, for he had got her permission to visit her at home.

“You may be sure,” he added, “that I shall not be long after you; and will you promise me, that when you see me wending my way up your avenue one of these days, you will not desire the servant to say *not at home?*”

A smile and a blush gave Jessie's answer, and he raised the fair hand, which he had fondly clasped, and kissed it passionately. Jessie travelled homewards, elated by love and trust. As she threw herself into

her mother's arms, she felt that there was not in all the wide world one so happy as herself. . . . Long did she wait for that promised visit, and still she would saunter to the window, and watch as far as eye could reach the windings of the road; and often has her heart jumped to her lips, as she fancied that she could discern in the horseman who approached, the air and figure of him for whom she looked. The first glow of morning light and the last of departing day discovered the poor girl watching for her lover. Thus weeks and weeks passed over, and then doubts arose; he might have never loved, as she had thought; he might have forgotten. But ah! that cannot be — did he not write those lines with his own hand and his own heart — and is he not good and true? And then she would read over and over again the passionate lines which he had penned — lines so fixed in her memory that she needed not to have read them, but that she loved to see the very words that he had written, as if they could ensure his constancy; and, reassured, she would look to the clear blue skies, and think that the blessing of Heaven would rest upon love pure and unalterable as theirs: but months went by, and still he did not come. At length, she heard by mere chance that the regiment was under orders

for foreign service;— he then would surely come to open his mind before the seas parted them, at least to take leave of one who had appeared for a few happy months to have been all the world to him. He came not; but ere long was on his way to a distant land. Poor Jessie strove to stifle her feelings, but she could not hide them from her mother, from whom she had no secret. They soon wrought a sad change in her, which even a casual observer could not but perceive. Her mother's looks constantly followed her, for her languid air and dejected countenance awakened most anxious fears; for my part, I could not see her without the most melancholy foreboding that we were not to have her long. There seemed a sublimity in her shadowy form as she passed along the aisle of our little church, as if she were no longer of the earth; and the tones of her voice were so sweet and touching, as she joined in the psalmody, that I thought them already fitted for mingling with a celestial choir; tears would trickle down the cheeks of her young companions as she sung. I felt greatly troubled about her,— physicians were consulted. Alas! they cannot prescribe for disappointed feelings! They could only recommend tonics; and, as they could not specify any particular ailment, they referred her case to general

delicacy, and pronounced it somewhat precarious, and requiring great care. Every month that went was evidently loosening her hold of life, and she was gradually fading away. Some family arrangements just at that time, required my presence in London, where I was detained for a few weeks. When I returned, I was shocked to see how much worse Jessie was than when I had left home. She was sadly wasted. Her poor mother still had hopes; for hope is the last thing with which we *will* part, "albeit, though that hope is vain;" and at times when I have called and talked with her, I have been persuaded to hope, though there was nothing to justify it. Few have not experienced the delusion so often described by poets; and Moore has spoken the feelings of many, when he says of those who were under similar circumstances with ourselves —

"We still had hope — for hopes will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star that ushers day
We scarce can think it heralds night!"

However, increasing weakness became too evident, and the dear child could no longer take her seat by

the open window, to look out upon the green fields and woods; but was obliged to keep entirely to bed. One morning a message was brought that Mrs. Williams was anxious that I should go over as soon as possible, for that Miss Williams was much worse, and was wishing earnestly to see me. With a heavy heart I obeyed the summons. As I went on my way, fancy conjured up the scenes in which I had been accustomed to see Jessie take her part; I could picture her a merry little sprite, bounding on through the paths before me, filling her held-up frock with wild flowers, which she gathered at random on her way, and ever and anon turning to look back at me with a lightsome laugh, while the breeze blew her hair about her sweet face. As I drew near the porch before the door, the odor of the roses and woodbine with which it was covered brought many a recollection. How is it that the perfume of flowers, so evanescent in itself, is so powerful in recalling feelings and awakening the memories of other days? How often the sweet girl welcomed me at that porch! What affectionate looks and glad tones used to await me there! I was soon by the bed where she lay, and by which her disconsolate mother was sitting. She looked at me with a sweet smile, but none of us could

o speak for a moment; she then said a word, but it was so low that I did not hear it. Her mother, to whom it was addressed, took a glass which held some flowers from the table where it stood, and brought it to her. With a weak and trembling hand she took a rose from among them, and handing it to me, said, "It is not the first time." "No darling—no darling—it is not indeed." "How kind you are, my dear sir, how very, very kind. I perceive how sorry you are to see your little Jessie lying sick; but I sometimes think that I may recover. You are used, dear sir, to see sick people; do you think I *may* recover? I should like to walk along the green fields, and among the shady trees, as I used; and to hear the singing of the birds;—do you think that I shall ever?" I could not speak, but I pressed the dear wasted hand which I held. "But I have things to say," resumed she, after a moment's silence: "what I have upon my mind, before you pray beside me—what I feel most of all—is my own dear mother—I should like to stay by her side—but you will say all to comfort her, and you will often sit by her, and talk of me. I have very often heard you say, my dear sir, that you thought we should know our friends in heaven; think of that, dear mother—don't cry so—think of that, dear mother.

And another thing that I would ask you to do — and that is all — I would ask you, my dear sir, if ever chance should throw in your way any that may think that they have done me wrong — that may think that through their means I have been disappointed in any way — to tell them I had no anger towards them; and if such a word as forgiveness should come to be mentioned, say that I forgave, and bid them not to let a thought of me disturb their peace.” A tear trembled on her eyelash as she spoke, but she soon looked in our faces with a smiling countenance. There was a holy calm about her, as she joined in our devotions, which was soothing to her mother’s feelings, as well as to mine. Towards evening she appeared very languid, and complained of fatigue, but said that if her mother rested her head on the pillow beside her, she thought she could sleep. I thought she had fallen into a sweet slumber before I left the house, but I found, on sending early the next morning to inquire for her, that it had been her long last sleep, so easily did that sweet spirit pass away. I had taken the rose that she had given me from my bosom, and placed it in the page that I had last read to her, in my prayer-book, and I felt it was no profanation; it has remained there ever since, and whenever I look at

the poor faded flower, it recalls a scene which I can never forget. Though "all her pleasant things are laid waste," the poor mother bears her affliction patiently, and takes comfort in thinking of so good a child. Nearly two years after Jessie's death, I saw in the newspaper, a notice of Captain Danvers's marriage to a rich heiress. I need not say how I felt. I opened the book which lay beside me, and looked at the poor withered rose.

THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.

O FLOWER upon the mountain top!
With tints so soft and rare,
What charm, in this sweet world of ours,
Shall we to thee compare?

Thou'rt like this gentle maiden's cheek
So delicately fair,
Than which in this sweet world of ours
There's naught so soft or rare.

O maiden fair and delicate!
With lowly modest mien,
Among the lovely things of earth,
Can aught like thee be seen?

Is not the lowly mountain flower
A fitting type of thee,
Blooming unconscious that an eye
Looks on it lovingly?



CLEMENCE ISAURE;

OR, THE FLORAL GAMES.

A HISTORICAL TALE.

It was a cold frosty morning in November, 1478, two knights, mounted on noble and richly-caparisoned steeds, advanced rapidly along the banks of the Garonne towards the city of Toulouse. At some distance from the gates of this ancient capital of Languedoc, they approached an humble dwelling, whose outstretched sign proclaimed the important fact, that "*Here Poirot lodges both man and horse.*" The youngest of the travellers, addressing mine host, who had hastened to his open door on hearing the sound of horses' feet, inquired of him which was the way to the castle of the Countess of Toulouse.

"You have not far to go, Sir Knight," replied the man, pointing towards the town; "follow the course

of the river, and where yon dark shadow rests so heavily, you will find the castle. But may I not offer you some refreshment, noble sirs?" continued the host.

"Not now," replied the younger stranger, "but I thank you for your information;" and dropping a piece of money into his hand, he galloped on. After a moment he reigned up his steed, and addressing his companion: "Have I made my wishes clearly understood by thee, my good Raymond? Thou knowest how my honored and lamented father, the Lord of Nesle, pledged himself before his death to the Count of Toulouse, that I should marry his daughter, Clemence Isaure. All the articles of the contract have been drawn out between them, and a fine of ten thousand golden crowns imposed on either of the parties who may decline fulfilling the engagement. I have never seen my betrothed, and truth to say, I thought of nothing less than coming to claim her hand, when last week, I received through the king's courier a letter from the countess, acquainting me that her health was failing fast, and that she dreaded leaving her daughter alone in the world, and therefore requested my presence at her castle, for the fulfilment of my father's engagement."

“The heiress of the house of Toulouse must be wealthy, Sire Amaury.”

“Immensely rich, Raymond.”

“Is she young and pretty?”

“Ah! that is what I am somewhat doubtful about, Raymond; and therefore am I come incognito, to ascertain for myself, whether it be not better to pay the ten thousand golden crowns than to marry.”

“I have heard, far and near, of the wit, talents, and learning of the lady Clemence.”

“That is just what alarms me, Raymond; a learned woman, who perhaps understands orthography! Out! How tiresome that would be, Raymond! Why, I would as soon marry my preceptor as a learned lady. But here we are at the castle gate. Now, let me see if thou dost remember thy part.”

“Listen, my lord. — I am a messenger from you, old Richard, your trusty attendant, and the bearer of a letter from you to the countess as well as a gift to her noble daughter. So far, all is true, but now comes the fiction; for you, the Sire of Nesle, the most amiable and distinguished young nobleman at the court of France, are to be my squire — the poor scion of an honorable family, — and now your name is” —

“Gerard,” said Amaury, smiling. “Now, sound the horn.”

Raymond having obeyed, the porter appeared; and, after conveying Raymond’s message to the lady of Toulouse, quickly returned to summon the travellers to her presence.

“What an ancient castle, my master!” whispered the young Marquis de Nesle to his companion, as they followed the servant through a long suite of gloomy apartments. How sad and silent it is! methinks that science breathes in every corner of it. I lay a bet that the lady Clemence is as old and as stiff as these portraits of her ancestors.”

At this moment, the servant who preceded them having raised a tapestry-hanging, they found themselves at the entrance of a vast saloon, at the extreme end of which were two ladies; one of whom presented the very image just portrayed by Amaury. She was seated in a large easy chair, and on a low stool at her feet was a young girl, whose rich dark ringlets fell in profusion on her neck and shoulders; her back was towards the door, and she was repeating aloud some poem, to which the elder lady listened with the deepest attention. The strangers were no sooner announced, than the young lady, rising up

hastily, revealed to the Sire de Nesle a countenance radiant with health and beauty."

"Be welcome," she said, addressing Raymond. "Pray, sir, excuse my lady-mother from advancing to greet you." And then, with a look of inexpressible sadness, she pointed to her mother's closed and sightless eyes.

Raymond bowed with profound respect; and drawing from beneath his cloak a Bible superbly bound, and clasped with gold, together with a parchment sealed with green wax, whereon were stamped the arms of the noble house of Nesle: "Madam," said he, "these are sent by my lord and master, the Sire of Nesle. A very important affair detains him unwillingly for a few days at court."

Amaury's eyes were fixed upon the lady Clemence with surprise and admiration.

"A Bible, a printed Bible!" exclaimed Clemence, opening the book and placing it on her mother's knees. "Oh, what a treasure! I have never seen one of this impression before."

"Is it very readable, my daughter?" inquired the countess, feeling with her long white fingers the pages of the book.

“O! perfectly so, my dear mother; only listen a moment,” and her eye fell on the following passage:—
‘And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.’ “It is the passage of Genesis, where Abraham’s servant arrives in Mesopotamia, to choose a wife for his master, Isaac,” said Clemence, addressing her mother.

“The history of Abraham’s servant is my own, noble lady,” rejoined Raymond.

Clemence blushed deeply.

“Your allusion to this history, sir, reminds me of my neglect in not offering you and your young companion some refreshment;” and summoning an attendant, she desired that the evening repast might be served as speedily as possible.

“Clemence,” said the countess, “read to me the Sire de Nesle’s epistle.”

While breaking the seal, her daughter observed in a low voice, “You know, dear mother, the only condition on which I would consent to accept the Sire de Nesle for my lord and master.”

“There is a fine, my child,” said the countess.

“We can pay it, my lady-mother.”

“But there is a promise pledged, child.”

“There is also a *Sauf la Vue*, madam, and I may not perhaps please the Sire de Nesle.”

“Oh, impossible!” imprudently exclaimed the pretended squire.

Clemence looked at him with so noble and severe an aspect, that the aged Raymond hastened to address her.

“Pardon my squire, noble lady; he is the impoverished scion of an ancient family, and my master has somewhat spoiled Gerard by his kindness.”

“Gerard!” repeated the lady Clemence, “your name is Gerard, sir?” said she, addressing Amaury with an air of modest dignity.

“It is impossible to deceive you, noble damoiselle. I am the Sire de Nesle;” for before the candid and inquiring glance of Clemence deception seemed useless.

The aged countess rose up hastily.

“The Sire de Nesle here already? Oh! pardon my emotion, Sire, but the desire for my child’s happiness is mingled with sorrow at the thought of losing her so speedily.”

“Behold in me, madam, the most respectful of sons,” said the Sire de Nesle, bending his knee to salute the countess’s hand. Then turning towards

Clemence, and seeing her pale and silent, he added, "Are you displeased with me fair lady?"

"Although it would have been more generous of you, Sire, to appear at first in your own character," replied Clemence, "I bear you no ill-will; but before we pledge ourselves"—

"Clemence!" interrupted her mother hastily.

"Pardon me, dear mother," resumed the young girl, with a trembling voice. "Sire de Nesle, my mother has me only in the world. You see her misfortune. I alone am able to make her smile, to shed a little sunshine on her darkened life. Promise me, therefore, here on this Bible, on the first gift I have received at your hand, that you will never separate me from my mother. With this assurance, I am willing to accept you as my lord and master; to be your wife, your companion, your attendant, if needs be."

"I promise it," said Amaury, as deeply moved as the Lady Clemence herself.

"Dear, dear child," said the countess, pressing her daughter to her bosom, "God has been merciful in leaving me such an angel. Sire de Nesle, know what a treasure you are receiving from me. For the sake of relieving the tedium of her blind mother's life, she has devoted herself to study

during the joyous spring-time of her life. She has passed many a midnight hour in searching the olden chronicles, that she might find wherewith to amuse me on the ensuing day. She has made herself mistress of the gay science, that she might sing to me, at twilight, lays of love and glory. Peace, my daughter, I will say all. She has studied not for fame, not even for the mere love of knowledge, but for her mother's sake. Such a daughter must prove a tender wife, a virtuous mother. Sire de Nesle, oh, love her well, and make her happy!"

Tears rolled down the aged countess's cheeks; nor could Amaury and Raymond listen, without being deeply moved. As for Clemence, she concealed her emotion beneath a smile, and, addressing the countess, said, "Leave my praises, dearest mother, I pray you, to less-interested judges, and let us think only of these noble gentlemen, who honor us with their company. Perhaps they may favor us with some account of what is doing at court in Paris. Tell us somewhat, I pray you, concerning this wondrous art of printing, and whence this costly Bible was procured."

"My father purchased it from Gutenberg himself, during a journey he made to Mentz, in 1452. John

Gensfleisch, for that was his real name, had just then entered into partnership with Fust, one of whose workmen, Peter Scheffer, had invented cast metal types instead of those rude wooden letters, strung together with pack-thread, which had been previously used."

"They have, no doubt, raised statues to Gutenberg and Fust," said Clemence.

"So far from it, fair lady, that Fust had a narrow escape of being burnt to death," replied the Sire de Nesle.

Both the ladies made exclamations of surprise. "Yes, truly, for so it was, that Fust coming to Paris with the hope of selling his Bibles there, the copyists were so enraged at his offering them at a lower price than they demanded for their own books, that they accused him of magic; and, by my faith, he was about to be burnt, when the king took him under his protection, purchased his books, and gave him an asylum in his palace."

"Well done of Louis! I love him for that!" exclaimed Clemence, with almost childish glee.

At this moment, supper was announced; and after having gracefully fulfilled the duties of hospitality Clemence, at a late hour of the evening, announced

to the travellers, that their apartments were prepared; so bidding a courteous good night to the ladies of the castle, Amaury and his companion followed the attendants, who preceded them with torches of blazing resin.

The city of Toulouse discoursed joyously concerning the splendid alliance about to be formed by the last remaining scion of the noble house of Toulouse;* and even the aged countess seemed for awhile to forget her own sorrows in the approaching happiness of her child. Amaury was deeply enamored of the lady Clemence, and she received with gentle satisfaction the many proofs of his tenderness and devotion. Sometimes, however, even in her happiest moments, a shade of sadness would steal across her features, clouding for a while the bright serenity of her countenance.

It was the eve of that eventful day on which their marriage contract was to be signed. Clemence, who had often expressed her peculiar love for violets, found, on rising, a large nosegay of her favorite

* The house of Nesle was one of the most ancient and noble, as well as one of the wealthiest families in France.

flowers upon her toilet-table. The weather being intensely cold, she expressed her surprise and admiration at so unexpected a gift.

“And how much more would my dear mistress prize them,” said Susan, her foster-sister and attendant, “if she knew that they well nigh cost the Sire de Nesle his life this morning.”

“Good heavens! what do you mean?” inquired Clemence, turning deadly pale.

“And it would have been all my fault too,” continued Susan. “Oh! I never would have forgiven myself. Only imagine, my dear mistress, that having overheard the Sire de Nesle say yesterday that he would gladly give a pound of his blood for every violet he could procure, I told him that he might obtain them at a much cheaper rate; for that the astrologer who lives at the opposite side of the Garonne, possessed the marvellous art of making them flourish at all seasons, and was willing enough to sell them for a few *livres tournois*. So, this morning at break of day, Pierrelle rowed the Sire de Nesle across the river in his boat; it was Pierrelle who told me all about it. The astrologer had only this one bunch of violets, for which the Sire de Nesle gave I don’t know how many crowns;

and on his return in the boat, he was so overjoyed at his prize, that in a fit of laughter he leant carelessly over the boat, and dropped the flowers into the river. Behold you! without making any more ado about it, my lord springs into the water and seizes the nosegay, but the water was so deadly cold that it chilled his limbs and he could not swim. Fortunately, Pierrelle drew him safely into the boat."

"And he has not been hurt?" inquired Clemence, breathlessly.

"He has only caught cold," replied Susan.

Clemence, looking upon the violets with emotion, placed them in her dark hair, and descended to the saloon, where she found Amaury seated by the blazing hearth. He rose to greet her, and fixing his eyes upon the violets, seemed by his glance to thank her for wearing them.

"I ought to scold you, Sire Amaury," she said to him, "for thus adventuring so precious a life, but I go to seek my mother, that she may do so."

"Stay a moment, dearest Clemence," said the knight; "let us converse awhile, I have so many things to say to you. Raymond is gone to Paris this morning, and I have charged him to prepare your house without delay, and to engage your

domestics. He has my commands to spare no expense, and all must be ready before spring."

"Do you think, Amaury, that my mother will then be able to undertake so long a journey?"

"Your mother, Clemence! does she mean to accompany us to Paris?"

"Amaury! do you already forget the stipulation I made on the evening of your arrival, and your own promise on the Bible?"

"Pardon me, dear Clemence; but have you also remembered that my duty will recall me at that time to court? And will you refuse to accompany me thither?"

"No, assuredly, Amaury, but my mother can come with us."

"And she shall be mistress under my roof, even as she is here," said Amaury, with tenderness.

"I expected no less from your courtesy. Thanks, dear Amaury," said Clemence, in a grateful tone.

"How I shall rejoice, Clemence, to present you at court; to see you loveliest among the lovely, wittiest among the witty; for you will eclipse all those noble ladies with your wit and your acquirements."

"What an idea," said Clemence, laughing; "as if one studied for the sake of eclipsing others! Oh, no,

Amaury; it was only to amuse my poor mother, I assure you," she added with a sigh.

"Be it so, Clemence, but you will not object to shine at court for the sake of pleasing your husband, will you?"

"It will be my happiness and my duty, Messire."

"There are to be brilliant fêtes in honor of the marriage of the Dauphin with Anne of Brittany. You shall be present at them all, and no lady there shall surpass you in magnificence of dress."

"And my mother, what will she do, Amaury, while I am dancing?" inquired Clemence, after a moment of sorrowful hesitation.

Her question was unheeded by Amaury, who continued: "And if I am called to the king's councils, of which there is an early prospect, you, beloved Clemence, shall be the sharer of every secret; you shall ever be at my side in the hours of my retirement, and my own opinion shall never be suffered to prevail over yours."

"But, while I am thus occupied with affairs of state," said Clemence in a melancholy and reproachful tone, "who will take care of my mother, Sire de Nesle?"

"Your mother?" said Amaury, suddenly struck

with the change in Clemence's countenance. "Your mother! I thought not of her, dearest; your mother is her own mistress, nor would I presume to regulate her course of life. But what ails you, Clemence? Have I said aught to displease you? If I have been so unfortunate, it has been most unwittingly, believe me. Wherefore are you going away?"

"I have not seen my mother to-day, Sire de Nesle," replied the young Toulousaine, gently disengaging her hand from Amaury, who held it between his own; and she left the apartment hastily.

The Sire de Nesle saw her no more on that day, and the ensuing morning, while he was yet unrisen, Clemence's page presented him with a letter from his young mistress, accompanied by a small ivory casket. Amaury's heart beat violently while he broke open the blue waxen seal, whereon were impressed the arms of the house of Toulouse. He read as follows:—

"MESSIRE—You know not with what deep sorrow my heart has been filled since yesterday morning; that conversation has engrossed all my thoughts, and now my resolution is formed. Sire de Nesle, I can never be your wife, nor that of any other knight; in afflicting

my poor mother with blindness, God has said to me, 'thou shalt never quit her,'—and ought I to suffer any human being to reverse this sentence, and say to me, 'Quit thy mother and do my pleasure?'

"Yesterday, in planning your future life and mine, you thought not of my mother, and when I reminded you of her, you seemed astonished, and said to me, '*Oh, I did not think of her.*' This is not said to you by way of reproach, Sire; or it would come with an ill grace from me. How could I have expected you to reserve the first place in your thoughts for my mother, when I had forgotten, that, in becoming your wife, she could no longer be my first thought,—my first duty?"

"You are young, noble, rich, Sire de Nesle, and you will find women who will be happy to bear your name and to devote their whole being to you. As for me, I could not do so, for I owe it all to her whose happiness depends solely upon me. If I were married, my poor mother would, in fact, be alone in the world. Where could she find another daughter, when the child whom Heaven had bestowed on her, had preferred her own happiness to hers? No, my mother, thy daughter will never leave thee.

“Ah! Sire, you cannot love my mother as I do, and in depriving her of a part of my love, what could you give her in exchange?”

“If your heart is sad, because of this decision, remember that mine is breaking; but my mother! what would become of her without me? Even yesterday, — see the evils I was preparing for her in future! — yesterday, while conversing with you, I had forgotten her a moment; she was already risen when I entered her chamber; I had lost her first greeting and her earliest smile. Think then what it would be afterwards; no, no! my decision is made. It has caused me much misery, I assure you; and so I have a favor to ask of you. If you wish me to see you again without painful disquietude, — to be in your presence without distress, speak to me no more, I beseech you, of your past projects; for pity’s sake, act towards me as if we had never been affianced to each other. I can be your sister, your friend, but never can I be either a wife or a mother. This is God’s will, let us bow to it.

“Among your many gifts, I have kept only one, — the bunch of violets, — which is very precious because of the life which was endangered in its preservation. The others are enclosed in a casket which will be

delivered to you by my page; you will find therein, also, the ten thousand crowns fine.

“If your delicacy forbids your acceptance of this sum, I pray you give it to the printers in Paris, who are such benefactors to our country, and to whom I heartily wish success in their work.

“And now, Sire Amaury, if you have the courage to come and say, ‘Farewell, my sister!’ I am ready to receive you; if not, depart, and may heaven’s choicest blessings be your portion.

“CLEMENCE ISAURE.”

The Sire of Nesle was overwhelmed with sorrow on reading this letter, for its earnest simplicity deprived him of all hope of shaking Clemence’s determination. He admired the courage of this young girl, who renounced all the pleasures of the world for one only bliss, that of tending her mother; and amid the fullness of his admiration, he would again and again feel tempted to combat her resolution; but there was something so holy and so pure in this devoted love of a daughter to her widowed parent, that at length he overcame the desire of his heart.

As for Clemence, always guided by the wish to amuse her mother, whose love was her dearest

recompense, she gave herself up to literature, and by her example and influence, rekindled among her countrymen a taste for the *belles lettres*.

In former times, Toulouse possessed an institution designated the "*College of the Gay Sciences*." Clemence Isaure reanimated it by a magnificent foundation, *the floral games*, which, established during her lifetime, was confirmed by her will. On the 3d of May, prizes were distributed annually to the best poems presented to the College, and these prizes consisted of golden violets of the richest and most delicate workmanship. This annual fête was opened by a mass, a sermon, and an ample distribution of arms to the necessitous poor.

Clemence Isaure died at the age of fifty, unmarried; and was quickly followed to the tomb by that mother whose life had been embellished by her talents and filial piety.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

YES, there it blooms for ever!
That girlish face so fair,
Upon the breathing canvas,—
And yet not only there;
For, like as is its sweetness,
Far fairer is it wrought,
In all its gentle beauty,
Upon the painter's thought.

Lo, while his pencil drew her,
Within the stately room
Love took his stand beside him
Amid its gorgeous gloom;
And as upon the canvas
Each feature stole to sight,
Love stamped it in the painter's thought
In colors yet more bright.

Nor fleeting were the touches
Of that immortal art—
They bloom in hues unfading,
Though youth and years depart;
The painter's head is hoary,—
Her fair face wrinkles fill,
Yet, bright as when Love drew it,
His thoughts retain it still.

THE GAME OF PROVERBS.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

BY H. H. W.

A PARTY had assembled at the seat of Sir John Hatton to spend the Easter recess. The host and hostess were a little of the *parvenu* genus, but they were very amiable, and their great wish was to make their country-place, to which they had only lately succeeded, agreeable. As they were very rich, and had a magnificent house in a beautiful country, and as, moreover, Sir John kept a good table, had a first-rate *chef de cuisine*, and was remarkable for his excellent wines (for before the death of his cousin, the late Sir John, he had been a wine-merchant), Sir John and Lady Hatton had no difficulty in collecting a host of friends about them in town, and of these they determined to select only quite the *elite* for their country party. The only difficulty was whom

to choose. Lady Hatton, whose father had kept a shop, wished to invite only the great and fashionable; but Sir John, whose education had been somewhat neglected in early life, preferred men of talent and science. Lady Hatton was too amiable to contend with her husband, and so Sir John invited all the first-rate statesmen, men of science, poets, novelists, and artists he could get. Unfortunately, however, the result was not exactly what he expected. The men of science did not mix well with the men of letters and the artists; for they had no subjects in common, they felt as strangers to each other; and each, conscious of the celebrity attached to his name, was afraid of committing himself, and doing any thing which a stranger might think unworthy of his previous reputation. Nothing can cast a greater chill over society than a fear of this kind. It is a perfect wet blanket to the fire of genius. So the party, though consisting of some of the cleverest men of the day, was undeniably slow; it was worse, it was dreadfully dull; and in spite of the good cookery, and the good wines, the dinners did not go off well, for the guests would not talk. In the drawing-room they were still silent; they sauntered about, opened books and laid them down again, and looked the pictures

of *ennui*, though Lady Hatton bustled about and tried to make herself agreeable, and Mrs. Delcour, a young widow, who was pretty, and quite aware that she was so, flirted with all the men she could get to listen to her. Lady Hatton's own two daughters, who had just left school, gave no assistance in entertaining the guests, for they were too shy to talk, and made so many difficulties about playing or singing, that it was quite painful to ask them.

Only two days of the week, for which the party had been invited, had passed, when it became quite evident to Mrs. Delcour, that something must be done, to save the whole party from dying of *ennui*, or eloping how they could: indeed one or two had already begun to talk about expecting letters on urgent business, which would compel them to tear themselves away, etc., etc. On the evening of the second day, therefore, when the whole of the party had left the dining-room, and the gentlemen were lounging about the drawing-room in a most disconsolate manner, Mrs. Delcour suddenly exclaimed, "We must get up a proverb."

"What an excellent idea!" cried Lady Hatton, "I have often heard of proverbs being performed by persons of rank and fashion."

“It shall be done,” said Mrs. Delcour. “But how shall we set about it? Stanhope, you are just the man to assist me. Don’t you approve of the plan?”

“I think it admirable; but as to assisting you, I must beg you to excuse me.”

“No excuse. You are quite celebrated for things of this kind. I heard that you had the entire management of the proverbs at Lady Herbert’s last winter.”

“It was precisely what happened there that has decided me never to attempt to get up a proverb again.”

“But what did happen there?”

“You know Lady Herbert’s gouty old uncle, the Admiral, and how much Lady Herbert always wishes to please him?”

“Oh, yes, yes! He’s an old bachelor, and very rich. — Well?”

“He was to choose the proverb, and he chose ‘Good wine needs no sign.’”

“Rather an odd subject; but you have such talents, you can spiritualize any thing.”

“So they all said; and so, at last, I suffered myself to be persuaded to undertake it. There is

a fine picture gallery at Herbert Castle, with an arch near the centre, from which it was easy to let fall a curtain, and doors at each end for the separate ingress and egress of the performers and audience. There were plenty of performers, and the ladies were all crowding round me, eager to know what they should wear. I told them what they pleased, so that they did but act as *I* pleased. They promised every thing that could be desired, and so I drew out my plan."

"I dare say you had a good deal of difficulty in making them learn their parts."

"Difficulty? Difficulty is no word for it! It was absolute martyrdom! They would not learn; they would not remember; and I could never get them all together to rehearse."

"But what was the end?"

"You shall hear. Finding that some of my actors, who would perform in spite of every thing, had neither memory nor presence of mind, the idea struck me, to tell them, if they found themselves in any difficulty, to say, 'I hear some one coming;' and, unfortunately, I communicated this idea to them all."

"But why unfortunately? The idea appears to me a very good one."

“So it did to me; but it did not work well.”

“How so?”

“The company were all assembled. All the beauty and talent of the neighborhood were collected together. Every body was in high spirits, and all were impatient for the performance to begin — and — as Lady Herbert had whispered about that the whole was arranged by me — all eyes were turned towards me, and — and” —

“Well! well! We can imagine all that. Go on!”

“The first person who was to appear was the sister of the Admiral, an old maid, tall, thin, and bony, with a very long neck, and a skin like shrivelled parchment; and she would absolutely take the character of a Swiss peasant, with all the accoutrements complete.”

“Oh! I see her! Miss Priscilla in a boddice, short petticoats, and a little flat hat, stuck on the side of her head! How absurd!”

“Absurd, indeed! She was reclining in a pensive attitude with a crook, when the curtain drew up, and when she came forward, waving her lean, naked arms, and sighed deeply, the effect was so ludicrous, that a suppressed titter ran through the assemblage; and the poor shepherdess, losing her presence of mind, gazed wildly around, and then pressing her hand upon her

side, she exclaimed, 'I hear some one coming,' and then sat down, looking just ready to faint."

"How very droll!"

"So the audience seemed to find it; but it was any thing but droll to me, for she should have made a long speech, which would have served as a key-note to all the rest; and it was now clear, that if the others *did* remember their parts, the audience would be in the dark as to what they were about, for want of the explanation which was to have been given by this unlucky shepherdess."

"Well! what happened next?"

"The second performer, who was rather dull, but who had worked hard to master the difficulties of his part, hearing his cue, rushed in, totally unconscious of what had happened (for he was absorbed in what he was to do himself) and began his first speech, which unluckily turning upon what the shepherdess ought to have said, but did not say, and which he was supposed to have heard, quite overcame the politeness of the audience, and they burst into peals of laughter; and when the unhappy actor, whose part was tragic, and who could not think what made them laugh, after looking round for a moment or two in dismay, said, also, 'I hear some one coming,' the effect was over-

whelming. The audience, including even the Admiral and Lady Herbert, were almost in convulsions; and the curtain fell amidst vehement cries of 'Bravo! Encore!'"

"At any rate, the audience were amused?"

"Yes! And we laughed it off as well as we could; but it was rather hard work, particularly as, during the remaining three or four days that I was obliged to remain in the house, if ever I hesitated or stammered about any thing—and really I did make more blunders than I ever did before in my life—my friends were sure to laugh, and to suggest that probably 'I heard some one coming.'"

During this dialogue the whole party had collected round Mrs. Delcour and Mr. Stanhope; and as the ludicrous distresses of the latter made them laugh, it had the effect of thawing the ice that seemed to have bound up their faculties; and they all agreed to take a part in a new proverb, in performing which they promised to behave better than the unfortunate performers at Herbert Castle. A proverb was selected, and a rough outline of the mode in which it was to be worked out having been settled, the rest was left to the performers to fill up, which they did so admirably, that

every body was delighted ; and proverbs and charades were performed alternately during the remainder of the week of vacation, which they all agreed was one of the pleasantest they had ever passed.

SONG OF A CAGED BIRD.

OH, could I gain yon woodland grove,
How light would be my wing!
How would I gayly, wildly rove
Amid the flowers of Spring!

And, oh! how jocund were my song,
How free my bounding flight;
Roving my native hills among,
And fluttering with delight!

And with first rosy peep of day,
From waving branch I'd rise;
My blithesome song from spray to spray
Should echo thro' the skies.

But no!—the gay and happy band,
Singing in careless glee,
And wandering free in sunny land,
Have no fond thought of me!

In flow'ry mead, and forest glade,
Sad should I sit *alone*;
E'en in the hawthorn's silvery glade
My song would be my moan.

And where would be the kindly voice
That cheers my lonely hour,
If it were my ungrateful choice
To fly her fav'rite bower?

But the fair hand that tends me here,
Is kind and constant too;
Ah! would those distant shades be dear
If from that hand I flew?

Ah, no! — the heart that fondly beats
With Gratitude's sweet chain,
Tho' smiling freedom kindly greets,
Would ne'er be free again!

THE TRIFLES OF LIFE;
OR, TRIFLES NOT ALWAYS TRIVIAL.

BY M. H.

IT is wont to be affirmed of women, in a sarcastic tone, that their lives are made up of trifles,—and, perhaps, in a certain sense the accusation may be a true one, for the duties which are allotted to our sex consist chiefly of quiet and unobtrusive offices, which, in their rapid succession, may seem trivial to those whose minds are occupied with the stirring business of life; but we would venture to remind these contemners of our homelier lot, that small matters only become trifling by the trivial spirit in which they are pursued; that this material world itself, “clogged with its weighty mass of joy and woe,” is composed of atoms, and that the long flight of ages, bearing upon their wings the destiny of humanity, is measured out by single moments.

Let us not, therefore, undervalue the value of trifles, but strive to impart a dignity to every occupation, however humble or however passing be its nature, by the spirit of truth and kindness with which it is performed. It would, indeed, be well for us women, if, even in our highest and gravest duties, we kept in mind the gentle admonition of the poet,—

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Even in our efforts to do good to others, may we not oftentimes fail from a want of that loving spirit which clothes the most trivial acts with grace, and which enables the possessor of it, whether poor or rich, to soothe the sad and ruffled spirit, and to strengthen the feeble one? It has occurred to me more than once in my life, to observe from my own experience how closely the bonds of human fellowship may be drawn together by some small links of passing kindness, so trivial that they scarcely seem to merit record; and yet I am tempted to note down here one or two such instances, in the hope that they may encourage others of my own sex whose circumstances

may preclude their doing *great* things for others, but whose hearts may nevertheless long for opportunities of aiding those whose spirits droop as they pass wearily along the highway of life.

* * * * *

“She won’t give *you* a flower—not she, indeed!” Such were the words which met my ear, as I hurried through the streets on a showery spring morning, carrying in my hand a nosegay of those early blossoms which are doubly welcome to our sight, as the harbingers of sunnier hours and brighter skies. I was on my way to an invalid, to whom flowers were indeed even a valued gift—to her they cheered the long hours of lonely suffering, and every bright hue and lovely form seemed to suggest thoughts of soothing hope and comfort, whilst they directed her mind to that All-mighty and yet All-loving Father who, whilst He “calleth the stars by their names,” is yet careful thus to clothe the grass of the field, and to lavish beauty on the very herbs that we tread beneath our feet.

A far different being from this patient sufferer was she whose cold, scornful words had fallen so harshly upon my ear. As I walked hastily along, anxious to escape from the increasing rain, I had not perceived

by the side of the path a middle-aged woman, of repelling aspect, who held in her arms a sickly child, that reached out its little hand, with a longing gaze, towards the bright flowers which I held, and struggled in its inarticulate language to express its wish to possess the treasure. It was in answer to these demonstrations on the part of the child, that the mother had made the observation which had drawn my attention, and arrested me in my course. I stopped, and pulling out some of the gayest and gaudiest of the group, placed them, with a few words of kindness, in the infant's grasp, whilst the mother thanked me, and fondled her crowing child with an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure.

The incident was a trifling, and might seem an unimportant one; but how often has it since recurred to my mind, as I have passed in the way those whose countenances have betrayed inward feelings of discontent with their own lot, and dislike towards those who possessed more of the comforts and luxuries of life than themselves. What a key to the heart-burnings, the jealousy, the dislike, which are felt, alas! by many a poor man and woman to their neighbors, lies in those words, spoken by a mother, in bitterness of spirit, "*She would not give you a flower!*"

For the relief of absolute want and wretchedness, few who are blessed with this world's goods, are so hard-hearted as to refuse the contribution which it costs but little effort to bestow—but it is not money, mere money, given and received, which will draw together in kindly union the hearts of the richer and the poorer classes amongst us. It is rather that interchange of words and deeds of kindness, which it might seem almost trivial to enumerate, but which speak more to the hearts of our fellow-men than hundreds given with a cold heart or a careless hand. Well has it been said by a writer of the present day, whose observations on the “Ways of the Rich and Great” * are full of valuable hints on this and kindred subjects: “In the ordinary intercourse of good offices, it is very important to be *pleasant* to the poor, for services alone will not cultivate their affections, and those who would visit them for every-day purposes of charity, should be, by their nature and temperament, genial, cordial, and firm. In order that the poor may feel that the rich are in sympathy with them, the rich must take a pleasure in their pleasures, as well as pity them,

* Taylor's “Notes from Books.”

in their distress. When the rich give of their abundance to those who want bread, it may be supposed to be done for very shame, under the constraint of common humanity. When they take order for the instruction and discipline of the poor, they are conferring a species of benefit, for which, however essential, they must not expect a return in gratitude or affection. But if they bear in mind, that amusement is in truth a necessary of life, that human nature cannot dispense with it, and that, by the nature of men's amusements, their moral characters are in a great measure determined, they will be led so to deal with the poor as to make it manifest to them that they like to see them *happy*, and they will be beloved accordingly."

Nor is it merely those who are rich in this world's goods who have the power thus to dispense happiness around them. Well would it be for us each one to remember that every man who breathes, whether master or servant, employer or employed, young and old, rich and poor, each has it in his power, as he passes along his own life-path, either to shed a ray of sunshine on that of his fellow-man, or to darken it by his shade. Well do I remember, though many a year has passed since then, how pleasant to me

was one such little act of kindness, shown by one who was herself dependent upon the bounty of others for her daily bread. Old Bessie Milman had the charge of an empty house which we were furnishing, and, whilst it was still in an unfinished state, I went thither during several successive mornings, tempted by a new piano, to practise before breakfast. Poor Bessie thought that "the young lady must surely be cold and hungry, so long without her breakfast;" and never shall I forget the look of anxious kindness with which she came up to me in her neat old-fashioned white cap, and well-folded kerchief, carrying a nice roast apple, surrounded with crumbs of bread, which she thought I might "perhaps be able to relish," nor the pleasure she seemed to feel when she saw that I was gratified by her kind thought of me. This may seem almost too trivial an incident to notice, but it was one which early impressed on my mind the conviction, that the poorest as well as the wealthiest has it in his power either to bestow a *flower* upon his neighbor, or to plant a *thorn* in his path.

Which of us are so fortunate as not to remember, amongst the circle of our acquaintances, some from whose society we shrink with a sort of instinctive

dread? not on account of any moral evil in their character or disposition, but simply because we never leave their presence without feeling, as some one has rather quaintly expressed it, as if “we had been *rubbed up the wrong way*.” They may be, in *reality*, most kind-hearted people. If you had a fever, and required their care, they would watch over you night and day; but, in your hour of health, and, as *they conceive*, of happiness, they would never think of “*giving you a flower* ;” they would not even be able to understand why you should want one.

On the other hand, can we not each recall to mind some happy being—whether he be rich or poor, it matters not—whose very presence seems to cast oil upon troubled waters, whose kindly tones cheer the drooping spirit, whose look of sympathy and love is balm to the wounded heart, and to whom the poor, the suffering, even the little child, will turn as if by instinct, and feel assured that there, at least, no chilling repulse is to be feared, but that “such as he has,” even if it be *only a flower*, he will give it to them with an ungrudging heart.

Happy, notwithstanding “all the ills that flesh is heir to,” would this world be, if we were each one, in our own sphere, to cultivate more of this spirit;

to seek, as we pass onwards through life, for opportunities of gladdening the heart of our fellow-man, and being ever ready to

“Give and forgive, do Good and love ;
By soft endearments in kind strife,
Lightening the load of daily life.”

THE SUMMER EVENING.

I LOVE the summer evening

When the sun has left the west,
And when upon the wood-crowned hill
The golden clouds still rest.

The light breeze sweeps the unmown grass,
Refreshing, sweet, and cool,
And shadows from the birch trees pass
Upon the surface still as glass
Of the shallow meadow-pool.

The sheep upon the barren downs,

The copse upon the hill,
The hawthorn on the village green,

All now are hushed and still;
And let me lean upon the stile
Above the corn-clad slope,
Which oft has heard the whispered word
Of dawning love and hope.

Beside it in the running brook
The flow'ring rushes wave,
 And in the waters cool and bright
Their rosy clusters lave ;
 The dewy grass beneath your feet,
The calm blue sky above,
 The wild flowers bright beneath the hedge,
 All whisper now of love —

That power which to man is given
To leave on earth one trace of heaven,
To cheer in toil, and care, and strife,
To brighten all our mortal life,
To check our sighs and dry our tears,
And chase away our craven fears,
And whisper, There is hope above,
For love is Heaven, and God is Love.

THE FLOWER GATHERER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.]

GOD sends upon the winds of Spring
Fresh thoughts into the breasts of flowers.

MISS BREMER.

THE young and innocent Theresa had passed the most beautiful part of the spring upon a bed of sickness; and as soon as she began to regain her strength, she spoke of flowers, asking continually if her favorites were again as lovely as they had been the year before, when she had been able to seek for and admire them herself. Erick, the sick girl's little brother, took a basket, and showing it to his mamma, said in a whisper, "Mamma, I will run out and get poor Theresa the prettiest I can find in the fields." So out he ran, for the first time for many a long day, and he thought that spring had never been so beautiful before; for he looked upon it with a gentle and loving heart, and enjoyed a run

in the fresh air, after having been a prisoner by the sister's couch, whom he had never left during her illness. The happy child rambled about, up and down hill. Nightingales sang, bees hummed, and butterflies flitted around him, and the most lovely flowers were blowing at his feet. He jumped about, he danced, he sang, and wandered from hedge to hedge, and from flower to flower, with a soul as pure as the blue sky above him, and eyes that sparkled like a little brook bubbling from a rock. At last he had filled his basket quite full of the prettiest flowers; and, to crown all, he had made a wreath of field strawberry flowers, which he laid on the top of it, neatly arranged on some grass, and one might fancy them a string of pearls, they looked so pure and fresh. The happy boy looked with delight at his full basket, and putting it down by his side, rested himself in the shade of an oak, on a carpet of soft green moss. Here he sat, looking at the beautiful prospect that lay spread out before him in all the freshness of spring, and listening to the ever-changing songs of the birds. But he had really tired himself out with joy; and the merry sounds of the fields, the buzzing of the insects, and the birds' songs, all helped to send him to sleep.

And peacefully the fair child slumbered, his rosy cheek resting on the hands that still held his treasured basket.

But while he slept a sudden change came on. A storm arose in the heavens, but a few moments before so blue and beautiful. Heavy masses of clouds gathered darkly and ominously together; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled louder and nearer. Suddenly a gust of wind roared in the boughs of an oak, and startled the boy out of his quiet sleep. He saw the whole heavens veiled by black clouds; not a sunbeam gleamed over the fields, and a heavy clap of thunder followed his waking. The poor child stood up, bewildered at the sudden change; and now the rain began to patter through the leaves of the oak, so he snatched up his basket and ran towards home as fast as his legs could carry him. The storm seemed to burst over his head. Rain, hail, and thunder, striving for the mastery, almost deafened him, and made him more bewildered every minute. Water streamed from his poor soaked curls down his shoulders, and he could scarcely see to find his way homewards. All on a sudden a more violent gust of wind than usual caught the treasured basket, and scattered all his

carefully collected flowers far away over the field. His patience could endure no longer, for his face grew distorted with rage, and he flung the empty basket from him, with a burst of anger. Crying bitterly, and thoroughly wet, he reached at last his parents' house in a pitiful plight.

But soon another change appeared; the storm passed away, and the sky grew clear again. The birds began their songs, anew, the countryman his labor. The air had become cooler and purer, and a bright calm seemed to lie lovingly in every valley and on every hill. What a delicious odor rose from the freshened fields!—and their cultivators looked with grateful joy at the departing clouds, which had poured the fertilizing rain upon them. The sight of the blue sky soon tempted the frightened boy out again, and being by this time ashamed of his ill-temper, he went out very quietly to look for his discarded basket, and to try and fill it again. He seemed to feel a new life within him. The cool breath of the air—the smell of the fields—the leafy trees—the warbling birds, all appeared doubly beautiful after the storm, and the humiliating consciousness of his foolish and unjust ill-temper softened and chastened his joy. After a long search

he spied the basket lying on the slope of a hill, for a bramble bush had caught it, and sheltered it from the violence of the wind. The child felt quite thankful to the ugly-looking bush, as he disentangled the basket.

But how great was his delight, on looking around him, to see the fields spangled with flowers, as numerous as the stars of heaven!—for the rain had nourished into blossoms thousands of daisies, opened thousands of buds, and scattered pearly drops on every leaf. Erick flitted about like a busy bee, and gathered away to his heart's content. The sun was now near his setting, and the happy child hastened home with his basket full once more. How delighted he was with his flowery treasure, and with the pearly garland of fresh strawberry-flowers! The rays of the sinking sun played over his fair face as he wandered on, and gave his pretty features a placid and contented expression. But his eyes sparkled much more joyously when he received the kisses and thanks of his gentle sister. "Is it not true, dear," said his mother, "that the pleasures we prepare for others are the best of all?"

THE IRISH MOTHER.

BY L. G.

DRINK, child, 'tis the last drop in the can,
Yet it is all for you;
Our poor old cow, — that too is gone, —
And what are we to do?
Yet drink, child, drink!

They drove her off, — the poor old cow, —
She went to pay the rent;
There's nothing left to keep us, now
That every thing is spent:
Yet drink, child, drink!

Your father, he has gone away,
Far, far over the seas,
To a happy land, wherein, they say,
There's naught but wealth and ease:
Then drink, child, drink!



And we will follow him there, we two,
We will follow him over the sea
To the land where there is so little to do,
And a *lady* perhaps you will be!
Then drink, darling, drink!

THE LIFE RANSOM.

BY GEORGIANA C. MUNRO.

SOFTLY the west wind stole over the sunny lake, and welcome to us was even its low faint breath, as we sat in the deep shadow of the forest trees in the sultry hour of summer noon-tide. Before us the broad Huron was flashing in the sun rays, divided from the flower-gemmed bank by a belt of glittering sand, while on our right the bold headland stretched far into the sleeping waters, whereon rock, and tree, and grassy mound were brightly mirrored.

Nothing of life stirred in the silent wilderness, save the brilliant butterflies hovering around more gayly-tinted blossoms, and the bright humming-birds, with their emerald and ruby plumage, glancing like jewels in the sunshine, fluttering over the flowery shrubs, and darting away across the honey-comb quartz that gleamed between us and the point, with a low hum as though they were murmuring tales of the gold

which slept below. But all the unsunned treasures which the gold-bloom might indicate, were in worth far below the priceless offering once laid upon those stones; and many, many years must pass away, ere time, or change, the foot of the stranger, or the hand of the gold-seeker, shall banish the memories which cling around the spot. Though strange to us, they were familiar to more than one of our companions, and as we sat there beneath the lofty sycamores, with the noonday sun pouring down light and beauty on the fertile earth and deep blue waters, the tale to which we listened, gained, perchance, a deeper interest from the scene of its relation.

The coming winter had breathed his first frost-spell over the forest, turning to crimson and gold, and silver, its garb of varied green, when, one evening, a girl sat on the grassy bank watching the latest sunbeams fade from the glowing sky and darkening lake. The sunset hues had left the clouds, and the stars were glancing forth to mirror themselves in the blue waters, but still the girl kept her post; gazing along the shore, and afar in the distance. She was alone, yet the line of tall trees bordering the forest concealed an Indian encampment, and above their heads several columns of gray smoke

were soaring up into the evening sky, while the murmur of voices rose on the air, and at times peals of laughter echoed through the woods.

But Wabegwona cared not to join in the merriment. She was watching for the return of her nearest relative, who had ever been to her as a brother, and dreaming such dim visions as she could dream of the scenes and the people among whom her mother had been born. For, though her hair was dark as midnight, and her features those of the race with whom she dwelt, there was enough in the maiden's fairer complexion and deep blue eyes to have won her the name of Wabegwona (White Lilly), which was bestowed upon her by her tribe.

“Her father, long dead, had been a great chief, but her mother had been found as a child by the Ottowas among the ruins of an American out-post which another nation had destroyed; and, carried away and adopted by them, had become the wife of one of their bravest warriors. Yet, amid all the contrasts of her wild forest life, the fair-haired daughter of the pale-faces had retained some faint recollection of the past to breathe into the wondering ear of her child, before she, also, was called away, and Wabegwona was left an orphan — alone, save

for Laguiab, the son of her father's brother, who had taken her to his home, and bade his mother look upon her as a daughter. And the young men, to whom her smile was cold as sun-lit snow, and the old women, who were for ever whispering like the forest leaves, said that Laguiab would make her his wife. But the maiden's heart was still in her mother's grave, and the boldest hunter and bravest warrior of the Ottowas feared to draw it thence too rashly, lest it might shrink away from his touch.

And now a dark speck glided among the starbeams on the lake, and a canoe came bounding forward eagerly, like a wild deer to its favorite haunt. It was that for which Wabegwona watched, and a smile lit up her features as she beheld it, and her thoughts which had been wandering far beyond the dark forest and the gleaming waves, flew back to the present.

"The rifle of Laguiab has not been idle," said Wabegwona, who stood on the shore to welcome her cousin. "He has lingered long, but his canoe is heavy."

"The rifle of Laguiab has been his enemy," replied the hunter mournfully. "Let my sister bid the young men come hither, for the load in his canoe lies heavy on the heart of Laguiab."

One glance had told the girl that a stranger lay to all appearance lifeless in the canoe, and she hastened to summon the hunters from the fires, around which they were talking of the past day's exploits. Then she went on to tell her aunt of the guest they might expect.

How Wabegwona's heart beat as the Ottowas bore the wounded stranger into the lodge, and she saw that he was not merely young and handsome, for that was little then to her, but of the race her mother had always loved! And when the medicine-men had done their best, and so they said, charmed the bullet out of the wound, and spoken the wise words which would make their herb-potions drive away the evil spirit of fever and call back health to the sufferer, then Laguiab came to her and told her how a branch had caught the trigger of his rifle, and, without his touch, it had struck down the white hunter in the moment he first beheld him.

“But Wabegwona will be a sister to the pale face,” continued the young Ottawa. “She will know that it is the heart of Laguiab which lies wounded in his lodge, and she will watch over the stranger as the eagle watches over her young one, until

his wings are strong, and his eyes can look boldly on the sun."

As the summer wind was Laguiab's voice, and the maiden's will was the rush which loved to bend before it; for no brother could be dearer than he had ever been to her. But the strong grasp of sickness was on the stranger's frame, and it was long ere all their care could loosen it; and often, as she sat beside his couch, while the spirits of the past and of the absent seemed hovering around and in communion with him, did Wabegwona fear that he would pass away to the Happy Gardens of the pale-faces, and leave a shadow on the soul of Laguiab. For, though the Ottawa had slain many foes on the war-path, until his fame was on the earth, as the lights* whose name he bore were in the sky, and shone in the sight of many nations, and women trembled at its rushing sound, and warriors mused on what it might portend; still the young chief sorrowed for the aimless blow which had struck down a tree whose fall might crush many flowers, but gave no place for glory to spring up. But the summons had not gone forth, and the Englishman was left to find the life to

* Laguiab is the Indian name for the Aurora Borealis

which he awoke, a wilder dream than all his fever-visions.

Weeks and months had glided by; the snows which had not fallen when Seyton was brought to the Ottowa's encampment, had melted away with the hours for ever vanished, and leaves were bursting forth on the trees, and flowers were starting up among the bright fresh grass with all the rapidity and vigor of the vegetation in that region. But spring did not find the Ottowas where the autumn left them, on the point beside the gold-bloom. Death had breathed on one of their fairest plants, and when it withered and died, they, as is frequent among the Indians, deserted the scene of the misfortune, and their lodges were now raised, and their fires lighted on the shores of a quiet bay several miles lower down the lake.

Again it was evening, and Wabegwona sat on the star-lit strand. But this time she was not alone, for Seyton was by her side, telling her of the mighty river beside which dwelt her mother's people and his own; and of the stately dwellings along its shores, and down where the salt waves broke in restless murmurs that were for ever whispering of the distant island far towards the rising sun, where it moaned and dashed around their forefathers' graves.

And he told her, too, of one who would gladly bear away the fairest flower of the forest to bloom within one of those proud dwellings; and of a love which would guard it against the tempest, and shelter it from the burning sun-ray, and cheer it, if the breath of sorrow, which wanders every where, should bow it to the earth.

The maiden smiled as she listened, but the Englishman wondered if it were in pleasure or in scorn, for the faint light revealed her face but dimly.

“Has Wabegwona no words?” he asked. “Say, must the pale-face regret that her voice called him back, when his spirit was on the wing?”

There was a minute’s silence, and then the low sweet voice of Wabegwona came like music on the ear. “Why should an Ottawa girl speak?” was her reply. “The words of the pale-face are the stars; the heart of Wabegwona is the lake whereon they rest. Let them look down and they will see no other light reflected in it.”

A joyful exclamation was on Seyton’s lips, but it was stayed, as a shadow fell on the sand, and a form stood before him. It was Laguiab; the starbeams showed him deadly pale, and his arms were folded, and his lips compressed, while his glance was as

though the true Aurora Borealis had flashed upon them.

“Laguiab is a fool,” said he, bitterly. “His rifle was wise, but he was angry with its wisdom. Are there no blossoms beside the distant waters, where the pale-faces build their lodges so high up into the sky, that the stranger must come with a tongue keener and brighter than the knives of his people, to steal away the only flower an Indian loved to look upon? The heart of Laguiab was spread before my sister,” continued the warrior, reproachfully, to Wabegwona. “Had the White Lily looked into it she would have seen nothing but herself. But a white mist has come before her eyes, and she cannot see — a strange wind has whispered in her ear, and the voice to which she once listened is forgotten.”

The Ottawa paused; but, surprised by the accusation of treachery, of which he had no thought of being guilty, Seyton hesitated to reply. And Wabegwona bowed her head in silence, for love for Laguiab was strong within her heart; but it was only as a brother that he had always mingled in her thoughts, and she had never dreamed of hearing such words from his lips. After a moment, he resumed more fiercely —

“But why should that mist stay to blind the eyes

of Wabegwona? Laguiab's arm is stronger than his voice, and his anger is a mighty tempest, which breaks down the forest as it passes. It shall sweep the mist from his path, and the eyes of the White Lily can look once more on his face."

As he spoke the last words, Laguiab drew the tomahawk from his belt. Seyton had risen to his feet, but not to fly; though a strange thrill shot through his heart, as he stood for a moment defenceless before the enraged Indian, like a fawn awaiting the panther's spring. The bright weapon gleamed in the starbeams as the Ottawa raised his arm; but the next instant it was whirled far over the lake, to bury its keen edge in the slumbering waters.

"No," said the Indian, in a low deep voice, "the arm of Laguiab is strong, but not strong enough to strike his friend. The pale-face has slept in his lodge, and hunted by his side, and an Ottawa chief cannot take the life he has watched over. There is a cloud on Laguiab; but the stars are bright, and the clouds cast no shadow on the lake. Let it be so—the path of my brother shall be open to the great villages of his people. But let not his glance be ever dark towards the White Lily, which his hand has torn from the home where it was loved and sheltered in

the forest, to plant it afar where the axe of the stranger has left no branches to cover the earth."

And before either had time to answer, Laguiab had plunged amid the dark cedars which reared their lofty heads near the shore; nor did he return to the encampment until the silence of midnight rested on its bark-covered lodges and smouldering fires. The next morning, Seyton asked in vain for his host; for, before the last star faded from the sky, the young chief, with some half-dozen hunters, had gone into the woods in quest of game. Had they remained, they would have found more need for their rifles. But no thought of danger was in the minds of the Ottawas. Not that they had no enemies, but that they dreamed not that any of their foes were near enough to raise the war-whoop within their hearing.

It was the oft-repeated tale in those regions,—the wildcat stealing on her prey while it slept. But this time in the daylight. All was hushed and still, as though the voice of pain or discord had never echoed through the wilderness, when suddenly a youth rushed into the centre of the lodges, crying:—"The Winnebagoes! the Winnebagoes!"

A wild shriek of woman's terror was the reply, to be instantly followed by a shriller cry of agony, which

told that the work of destruction had begun, and to be in its turn lost in the terrible war-whoop of the Winnebagoes, as they rushed upon the unprepared and unsuspecting Ottowas. We will not describe the scene of bloodshed and desolation. It is enough that death and fire reigned every where, and that Wabegwona, who had taken shelter beneath the branches of a fallen tree, saw Seyton, stunned and bleeding, carried away alive to meet a darker fate than had befallen her tribesmen.

When Laguiab and his hunters returned at sunset, they found their encampment a heap of ruins, and those they had left in life claimed nothing now at their hands, except a grave and revenge; so said the sorrowing and indignant warriors, when they heard the tale which Wabegwona alone remained to tell. But other thoughts were in the young chief's mind, as he looked upon the maiden's face, and saw in it the agony which rent her heart; and his gaze lingered on her pale features while his tribesmen spoke of seeking another band of their nation, some days' journey distant, to join with them in wreaking on their foes the vengeance they were too weak to take alone.

“Another chief will lead the young men,” said he,

quietly; "Laguiab's path is over the water, but he must go alone. Let not Wabegwona weep as though the sun were gone for ever. Day will come back to pour sunshine on the darkened lake, and the drooping Lily will raise her head again."

The night had passed away, and the morrow's sun was shining gayly and brilliantly on the scene we first described, and Seyton stood in the centre of that spot of gleaming quartz, to take his last farewell of life, and view calmly as he could the terrible preparations for its close. How the thought of Wabegwona, and of that distant home, whence the wild spirit of adventure had lured him, came round him in that moment when death in its most dreadful aspect stood before him, and cruel hands, and savage looks, and taunting words, surrounded him in that lonely and beautiful spot, where he must close his eyes in agony, far away from all he loved, with not one kind glance or friendly voice to support him in the fearful hour of trial!

Just as the signal for its commencement was to be given, a youth, who had accompanied the war party to serve as an unsuspecting-looking scout, approached the chiefs, and intimated that a stranger claimed the privilege of entering and leaving the camp unmolested.

Safe conduct was accorded, and in a few minutes a young Indian advanced into the circle of expectant warriors, with the haughty step and lofty air of one accustomed to be honored and obeyed. Despite the usual self-control of such assemblages, the name of "Laguiab!" ran in wondering tones around the circle.

"The Winnebagoes looked for Laguiab," said an old chief, with a hidden sneer. "Had he flown up into the sky, or dived like an otter into the lake, when the war-whoop was sounding through the woods?"

"Laguiab has followed the Winnebagoes," said he coldly, "to ask if they ever heard his name."

"It is the name of a brave warrior," replied the Winnebago. "There is no greater in his nation."

The dark eye of the Ottawa flashed proudly for a moment, then he said, as coldly as before — "Would the Winnebagoes like to boast to their women that they had slain that warrior? or a pale-face whose name they never heard?"

"The path of Laguiab is open," replied the old chief. "The Winnebagoes will not keep what is not theirs."

"Let the pale-face be as free as the wind which wanders over the lake," said Laguiab, "and an Ottawa chief will be the prisoner of his foes."

The old chief waved his hand, and in an instant a ready knife severed the thongs which bound Seyton to the stake.

“Laguiab! Laguiab! this must not be!” exclaimed the Englishman, springing to his side. “What have I done, that you should die for me?”

A mournful smile flitted over the Ottawa's face. He pressed Seyton's hand, and whispered in his ear: “There is sorrow in the heart of Wabegwona, and the eyes of Laguiab could not look upon her tears. It is well—Laguiab is content. The voices of his fathers are in his ears, calling him away, and an Indian must follow to the Land of Spirits. Why should he stay? The light of Laguiab will shine no more upon the night of the Ottowas; but the White Lily will be happy in the shelter that she loves.”

Then turning away, he spoke a few words to his captors; and before the Englishman well knew the purpose of the Indians, who once more seized him, he was speeding over the deep waters, far away from the fatal spot where the life of Laguiab was being paid the fearful price of his liberty.

And there, on the gold-bloom, was offered up to the noble heart of the Ottawa chief, the sacrifice of a self-

devotion, against which, not all the wealth, slumbering in the untouched mine, could ever weigh. The next tempest swept away the traces of the sacrifice; and when we heard the tale, and looked upon the spot, all was calm and bright, as though the passions of man had never cast a shadow upon the earth, though even then the name of Laguiab was still loved and wept over in one dwelling far away on the banks of the St. Lawrence. And many, many more years must glide into the past, ere the memory of that deed shall die away, or it cease to be recounted to those, who, like ourselves, may chance to rest in that wild but lovely scene, amid their wanderings in the West.

WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY F. B. M.

“LADY! he gives thee back the vow
He once might call his own;
For fallen are his fortunes now,
And all his bright hopes gone.
Now poverty, thou peerless maid!
Rests on his noble brow.”
She raised her tearful eyes and said—
“I love him better now.”

“Lady! the noble form ye loved
Is marr'd with care and woe;
The step that once so graceful moved
Is thoughtful, sad, and slow.
He may not claim his promised bride,
He gives you back your vow.”
“I love him still,” she softly sighed,
“I love him better now.”

“I love him better now,” she said,
“Though wealth and lands are gone,
Than when proud nobles homage paid,
Though now he's left alone.
Tell him that true love ne'er hath known
Change, when it loved before ;
Tell him the heart that *was* his own
Is his for evermore.”

LESSONS IN THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

BY MRS. JAMES WHITTLE.

“WHAT did my aunt mean, when she said to you this morning that my education would never be finished? Surely, mamma, I am not always to remain at school. I am sure I often wish the time were come, when, instead of having to leave you at the end of every holiday, I could always stay with you, dear mamma, and wait on you, and nurse you, and try to amuse you, when you look so sad, and so weary; and sometimes it seems to me that I learn more in listening to you, and hearing you read to me, than I do from all the regular lessons I learn during the whole half-year. Do you know, mamma, I remember every thing you tell me, while all that I learn by heart, to say to Miss Brewster, is forgotten in a minute. When shall I leave school, and be always with you?”

The little girl, as she asked this question, looked

eagerly into her mother's face, and saw that large tears were rolling down her cheeks. Fearful lest she had been the cause, she threw her little arms round her neck, and kissed her again and again. The mother raised her languid head from her pillow, as she replied, "Fanny, sit down beside me, on the sofa, and let me tell you what your aunt and I mean, when we say that your education will never be finished. While we live, we may still learn something, and the school in which you at present study is only the first class in that wider school, the world, in which, by-and-by, you will have to take your place, — in which I, Fanny, am a scholar."

"You, mamma, a scholar? Why, you are a woman — a wise, grown-up woman. You have no lessons to learn, no tasks to repeat, no punishments to bear, no" —

"Stay, Fanny, I have all these. I have many lessons to learn daily, many tasks to perform, many punishments to endure. Do you think that I lie here on this sofa, day after day, and month after month, without learning any thing?"

"Oh no, mamma! You are always reading large, wise books."

"Yes, my dear child; but it is not always from

books that we learn lessons in the great school I told you of. Life is bestowed upon us by God; that great and good Being, who creates nothing in vain, had some wise purpose in breathing into each of us the breath of life; it is for us to find out what particular task God has apportioned to us; to learn what this is, is the important lesson which must be studied in the great school of life."

"But, mamma," said Fanny, after a longer pause than was usual with her, "how can a little girl hope to find out what God intends her to do? God cannot care whether my lessons are said well or not; what can I do, that can please God, or show Him that I am wishing to find out what He intends me to do?"

"You can do what you know to be right in the school in which you are for the present placed; you can learn to be obedient to those who are older and wiser than yourself; you can be kind and affectionate to your schoolfellows, willing to give up your own will to theirs; you can be careful not to resent any unkind word which may be said to you; you may help those who are weaker than yourself; you may comfort any who are unhappy; and if, amongst your playfellows, one has done a wrong action, you may, perhaps, by kindly pointing out to her the harm she has done,

induce her to strive in future to avoid all sin. These duties, my little girl, belong to your position as a schoolfellow; and the same duties, rightly and faithfully discharged, make good men and women, good servants and good masters, good parents and good friends, good statesmen and good kings. Greater duty there is none, whether in you, as a little child, or in the queen upon her throne, than that you should do unto others what you would wish others to do unto you. And this, Fanny, is *one* of the lessons that we all have to learn in the great school of life. Another, and far more difficult one, is that of bending our wishes to the will of our Father in Heaven. You, who are happy and gay, to whom sorrow seems a thing still far distant, a sort of awful stranger, who may one day come into your home, but who is as yet unknown to you, may think it an easy thing to say those words, which daily you repeat: 'Thy will be done;' but, Fanny, dear, it needs a brave heart, and a firm trust in God, to say that little sentence when sorrow really comes; when Death first enters our home, and takes away the little girl from her mamma, or perhaps the mother from her child; then it is that we must learn the hard task of *submission*; and many are the tears

that are shed ere that difficult lesson be learned. Or it may be that sickness comes, as it has come to me, Fanny, binding me like a prisoner, with fetters of pain, to one spot; depriving me of all my former pleasures, and rendering me useless to others. To bear the pain that never leaves me, to lie here, and never again go forth into the fields with you, and show you the glorious works of God, there set before us—to do this, and be patient and content, and be able to say, ‘Thy will be done,’ is not an easy thing; and this, Fanny, is the lesson I study daily.”

The little maiden’s eyes were full of tears; she knelt beside the couch, hid her face in her mother’s bosom and was silent. Then looking up, a smile brightened her sweet face, as she said, “And yet, mamma, you are happy; no one smiles as you do, no one looks more cheerful;” then, after a minute’s pause, she added, “Ah! mamma, I see it all now; you have learned *your* lessons *well*, and as I am never unhappy when I do and say all my governess requires from me, so you are happy, because you have learned to do and say all that God requires of you.”

The mother smiled, and said, “Not *all*, my child;” but her heart was glad that Fanny had thus learned one of the lessons of Life’s Great School.

THE GAMBLER.

BY ANNETTE BLASHFORD.

I LOVED her with a love profound,
Oh! a love which made all seem
A blank, and desolation,
Save the halo round that dream!
I garner'd in my fond heart
Those happy thoughts of joy,
Which from their very freshness
Made me feel again a boy!

She was very fair to look on,
And I oft in fondness thought
That influence superhuman
Had that wond'rous beauty wrought.
Her eyes, they were so purely blue,
That when they skyward turned,
It seemed as Heaven sent down the light
Which there serenely burned.

Yet she forsook me! prayers were vain
To change a foredoomed fate:
She bowed to Mammon! life to me
Became a tedious weight!
We met and parted. Yes, she wept,
As though *her* heart too bled;
And when she left me, wreaths of snow
Had gathered o'er my head!

My hair was bleached in one short night;
Oh, she thinks not of the cause!
My bosom turned against mankind,
Whose worldly, unjust laws,
Make it no crime to doom the heart
To sorrow, gloom, and sin,
Because a rich man coveting
Our prize, with gold may win!

She married. On that fatal day
My birthright home I sold!
And with a maniac shout, I blest
Her darling idol, Gold!
“I'll buy forgetfulness,” I cried,
“And love; for *that* she's proved;”
Yet somehow, though I squandered much,
No sorrow was removed!

I flew to cards, and wine, and dice,

Yet not one heart's pang stirred,

For even midst the wildest mirth,

Her soft, sad voice I heard.

It called to me with prayers and tears,

Beseeching me to think

Of the gulf which I was hanging o'er,

With ruin on its brink.

I often thought she loved me still,

And for her parents' sake,

Had taken up this weight of woe,

For them a home to make.

I saw her once, and in her eye

Arose a sudden dread;

I was so changed, remorseless fear

Visioned me from the dead!

I'm poor and ruined now, and all

Look coldly down on me;

And every thing has past away,

Save that curst memory!

Around it, wreath *her* golden curls,

I look on my silvered hair;

And think, — does *she* remember still

Is she still loved, and fair?

LOVE AND AMBITION;

OR, THE OLD MAN AND THE ROSE.

IT is not very long ago since the aged Marchese di B—— used to be seen occasionally within the walls of our “fair Florence,”* visiting her noble works of art and aiding her Institutions by his counsels and his liberality. This venerable man, after having spent the flower of his years in the public service of his country, and filled with credit the highest offices of the state, had, on the approach of old age, withdrawn into an honorable retirement, where his days rolled on in the enjoyment of literary ease and kindly benevolence.

Rarely did he quit his beautiful Villa, except for a brief visit to some of the Italian cities, where he loved to seek out the remains of antiquity, or to wander through the noble picture-galleries, with which so many of them abound. On such occasions, he was

* “Firenze la Bella.”

went to leave behind him his numerous retinue of servants, and set out in a modest equipage, accompanied only by a confidential valet, and a favorite nephew, whose enthusiastic love of the *beaux-arts* made him a suitable companion in such excursions.

One day they were visiting together a celebrated picture-gallery. The guide who accompanied them passed along from one *chef-d'œuvre* to another, descending fluently on their various merits, and scarcely deigning to stop a moment before any works of lesser note. They stood before a painting of Titian's, and the guide had commenced his accustomed panegyric, when he perceived that the old gentleman was gazing intently on a work of inferior merit, which hung close to Titian's gorgeous painting. It represented a youthful lady, simply yet elegantly clad, who was in the act of placing in her bosom a rose, on which she gazed with a gentle smile, as if it were the bearer of some message of kindness or of love. Her countenance beamed with ingenuous candor, and the innocent brightness of her glance added to the loveliness of her features.

The old man appeared to be fascinated by the portrait which absorbed his whole attention, so that he allowed the guide to go on with his professional story

without giving the slightest heed to what he was talking about. The latter, observing this *engouement*, stepped back a little, and pointing to the lady's portrait, said aloud: "It must be conceded that this also is a good painting. It is by Francisco Porbus, a distinguished portrait painter. The subject is unknown; but it may readily be perceived that the likeness is an admirable one, for it breathes life in every feature. The position is full of grace....the coloring of the flesh is faultless....What transparency! what light! Observe the harmony subsisting between the white robe and the dark upper garment, although the tints contrast so strongly...." But at this moment, a gay young noble entered, with all the airs of a fashionable connoisseur; and the guide, leaving his discourse unfinished, hastened to welcome the new comer with a profusion of bows, leaving the old man still entranced before the unknown portrait.

Rousing himself at length from his reverie, and drawing a deep sigh, the Marchese addressed his nephew, on whose arm he was leaning, and whom, unconsciously, he had in the depth of his emotion almost pressed to his bosom.

"Be not surprised," said the old man, "at the lengthened contemplation I bestow upon this unknown

picture. It revives the saddest and yet sweetest emotion that was ever awakened within my breast. I was like unto thee; in all the vigor of my youth—beloved by my parents—surrounded by every earthly good—heedless about the future—little dreaming of the luminous career (as flatterers call it) which I should afterwards pursue. It was at sunset, in the dear and joyous month of May, and I was walking with a fellow-student in his garden. His only sister was with us. Her features did not resemble this lady's, but she had the same sweet and ingenuous countenance, and like her, she was dressed with perfect simplicity, unadorned, save by one beautiful rose which she had gathered while we were standing together gazing on the glorious sunset. I almost mechanically plucked one from the same branch, and after a few moments' silent admiration, we pursued our walk. While conversing together, my fair companion's flower dropped out of her hand, whereupon I hastily picked it up and offered her mine in its stead. She accepted it with a smile, and placed it in her bosom, worn as is represented in the picture before us. I cannot describe the happiness which at that moment filled my breast: but too soon the impression wore away, for it was about that time that I obtained my

first official employment. It is true, that I accepted it out of obedience to my father's wishes, for no dream of ambition had yet bewildered my mind; but before long its snares were successfully spread around me; and amid the smiles of princes, and the adulation of courtiers, the image of my fair young friend gradually faded out of my thoughts. I scarcely knew that I had loved her, until, in a time of mental anxiety and deep disappointment, I bethought me of the young maiden and the rose. Her image floated across my vision, like those refreshing waters which are often seen afar off in the desert, but which vanish from the longing gaze of the traveller as he approaches nearer unto them. Even so did the idea of domestic love and peace pass like a pleasing dream before me amid the turmoils of public life; but such moments of happy thought were rare and fleeting. I had entered a career of emulation, and could not bear to be surpassed by my rivals in fame. Titles, honors, wealth, luxury, all these have I attained; and yet, on looking back at my long and brilliant course, my thoughts rest with pleasure only upon the one bright yet tranquil hour which preceded all this glory. Now, all is over — early love . . . manly ambition . . . successful pride . . . But amid the many favors scattered around my

path, I have slighted the only one which could have brought a daily sunshine into my domestic life.”

The old man ceased, and after a moment's pause, he added, with a deep sigh : —

“ My friend, when these eyes are closed in death, suffer not a deceiving hand to record in marble that I was great and good, and wise and happy ; but take care, I charge you, to have a simple rose sculptured upon my tomb.”

THE OLD YEW-TREE.

OH! solemn and dark is the old Yew-Tree,
That has braved a thousand years;
In the churchyard it waveth gloomily
Amid the mourners' tears.

And its gnarled old boughs of massy mould
Have heard strange language spoken;
What tales could their changeless age unfold;
Were its lasting silence broken!

They have heard the merry joy-bells peal
For battles won triumphantly;—
They have echoed the heavy passing-bell
When Death hath had the victory.

They have seen the gushing stream of mirth
Rolled back by the tide of sorrow,
And the joy, that a morning gave to birth,
All quenched in woe to-morrow.

They have seen the pomp of the bridal day,
And beauty by true love won;
They have watched the widowed mother pray
O'er the grave of her only son.

Oh! mournful thoughts dwell around the Yew,
'Neath its black and mossy shade;
But ages pass,—it rests green and true,
While stately forests fade.

And though the Yew Tree hath entwined its root
Round the dead, where they peaceful lie,
Yet its fadeless branches upward shoot,
Emblems of immortality!

THE ANGEL AND THE FLOWERS.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.]

“EACH time that a good child dies, an Angel of God comes down to earth, takes the dead child in his arms, spreads abroad his large snow-white wings, flies forth over all those places which the child had loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he bears upwards with him to the throne of God, that they may bloom there in yet greater loveliness than they had ever bloomed on earth. The good God folds all these flowers to His bosom, but upon the flower which He loveth best, He breathe^s a kiss, and then a voice is given to it, and it can _o in in the song of universal blessedness.”

Lo, all this did an Angel of God relate, whilst he bore a little child to Heaven; and the child heard as if in a dream, and the Angel winged his flight over those spots in the child's home where the little one had been wont to play, and they passed

through gardens which were filled with glorious flowers.

“Which of all these shall we take with us, and plant in Heaven?” asked the Angel.

Now there stood in the garden a slender and beautiful rose-tree, but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that its boughs hung around it withered, though laden with large half-unfolded buds.

“The poor Rose-tree!” said the child; “let us take it with us, that it may bloom above there in the presence of God.”

And the Angel took the rose-tree, and kissed the child because of the words it had spoken; and the little one half opened his eyes. They then plucked some of the gorgeous flowers which grew in the garden, but they also gathered the despised butter-cup, and the wild heart's-ease.

“Now then we *have* flowers!” exclaimed the child, and the Angel bowed his head; but he winged not yet his flight towards the throne of God. It was night—all was still—they remained in the great city, they hovered over one of the narrow streets in which lay heaps of straw, ashes, and rubbish, for it was flitting day.

Fragments of plates, broken mortar, rags, and old

hats, lay scattered around, all which bore a very uninviting aspect.

The Angel pointed out in the midst of all this confused rubbish, some broken fragments of a flower-pot, and a clump of earth which had fallen out of it, and was only held together by the withered roots of a wild-flower, which had been thrown out into the street because it was considered utterly worthless.

“We will take this with us,” said the Angel; “and I will tell thee why, as we soar upwards together to the throne of God.”

So they resumed their flight, and the Angel thus related his story:—

“Down in that narrow street, in the lowest cellar, there once dwelt a poor, sick boy; from his very infancy he was almost bed-ridden. On his best days, he could take two or three turns on crutches across his little chamber, and that was all he could do. On a few days in summer, the beams of the sun used to penetrate for half an hour to the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat there, and let the warm, sun shine upon him, and looked at the bright red blood flowing through his delicate fingers, as he held them before his face, then was it said of him ‘He has been out to-day.’ A neighbor’s son used always

to bring him one of the young boughs of the beech-tree, when it was first budding into life, and this was all he knew of the woods in their beautiful clothing of spring verdure. Then would he place this bough above his head, and dream that he was under the beech-trees, where the sun was shining, and the birds were singing. On one Spring day, the neighbor's son also brought him some wild flowers, and amongst these there happened to be one which had retained its root, and for this reason it was placed in a flower-pot and laid upon the window-sill quite close to the bed. And the flower was planted by a fortunate hand, and it grew and sent forth new shoots, and bore flowers every year; it was the sick boy's most precious flower-garden—his little treasure here on earth—he watered it, and cherished it, and took care that the very last sunbeam which glided through the lowly window, should shine upon its blossoms. And these flowers were interwoven even in his dreams—for *him* they bloomed, for *him* they shed around their fragrance and rejoiced the eye with their beauty; and when the Lord called him hence, he turned, even in death, towards his cherished plant. He has now been a year with God, a year has the flower stood forgotten in the window, and now it is withered, therefore has it been

thrown out with the rubbish into the street. And this is the flower, the poor withered flower which we have added to our nosegay, for this flower has imparted more joy than the rarest and brightest blossom which ever bloomed in the garden of a queen."

"But how comest *thou* to know all this?" asked the child whom the Angel was bearing with him to Heaven.

"I know it," replied the Angel, "for I was myself the little sick boy who went upon crutches. I know my flower well."

And now the child altogether unclosed his eyes, and gazed into the bright glorious countenance of the Angel, and at the same moment they found themselves in the Paradise of God, where joy and blessedness for ever dwell!

And God folded the dead child to His heart, and he received wings like the other Angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And all the flowers, also, God folded to His heart, but upon the poor withered wild flower He breathed a kiss, and a voice was given to it, and it sang together with all the Angels which encircled the throne of God; some very nigh unto His presence, others encompassing these in ever-widening circles, until they reached into Infinity itself, but all alike

were happy. And they all sang with one voice, little and great ; the good, blessed child, and the poor wild flower, which had lain withered and cast out amongst the sweepings, and under the rubbish of the fitting day, in the midst of the dark narrow street.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

“No more, oh! never more shall I retrace
Through seaward brae, and yonder sandy shore!”
It was a prophecy, — for never more
Hath it been mine, in that dear native place,
To look on many a loved familiar face;
For death hath oft been there, as sickness sore
With me, since then. — Yet memory, oft, before
Mine eyes doth set each scene, and fill each space
With objects of the past: autumnal fields,
Strewed with gold sheaves, where sleepy Ceres nods
'Neath the sun's smile, — stretches of heath that yields
Abundant honey, — moors, where hares abound,
And throbbing furzes, heat-struck, burst the pods,
Scattering ripe seeds amidst the moss around!



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